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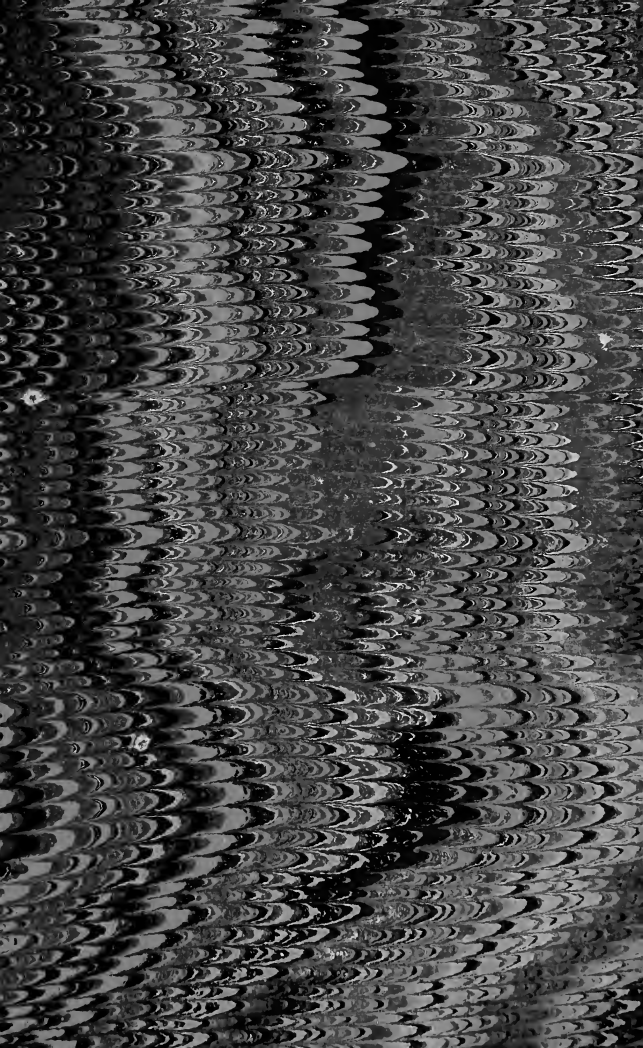
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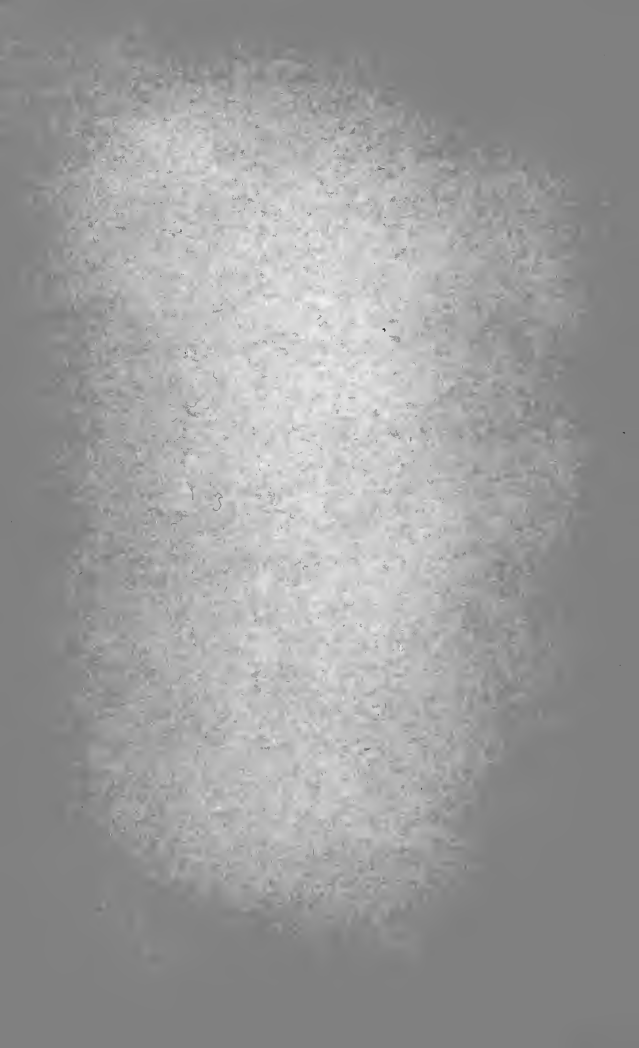
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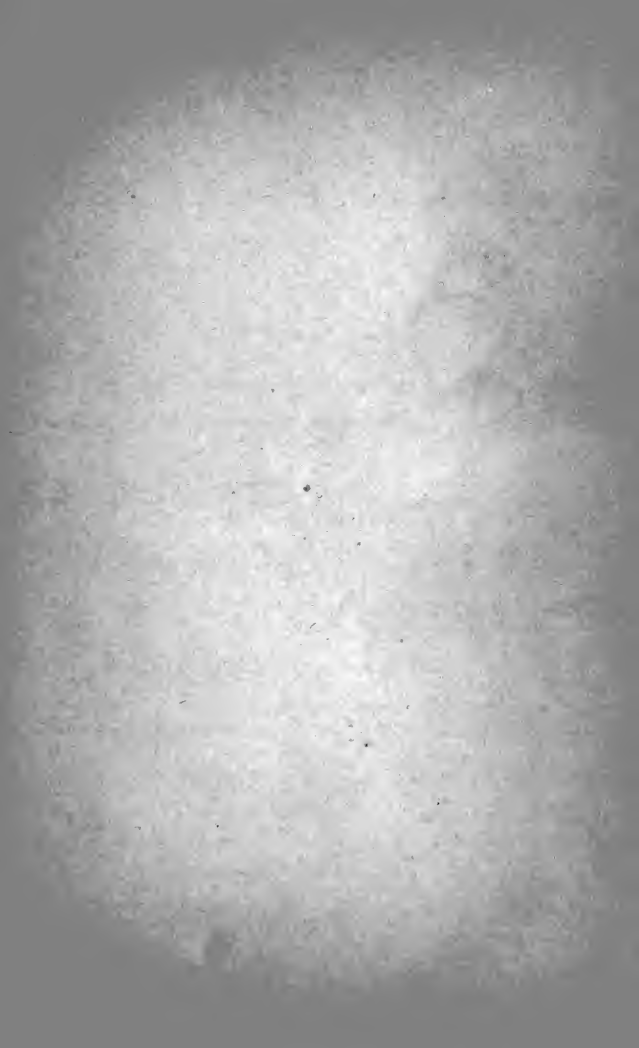
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











THE
RHODE ISLAND COTTAGE,
A NARRATIVE OF FACTS;
AND A
LETTER ON THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

. Illustrated by an Engraving.

BY JAMES C. RICHMOND,

A Presbyterian of the Church.

ISLE OF WIGHT:
PRINTED BY R. J. DENYER, NEWPORT.

1849.







Drawn by Lieut. Harwood

Engraved by A. Brannon

THE
RHODE ISLAND COTTAGE;

OR, A
GIFT FOR THE CHILDREN OF SORROW:

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

BY JAMES C. RICHMOND,

A Presbyterian of the Church.

Jaggard C.

First English, from the Second American Edition.

Library of Congress.

1867

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THE

RHODE ISLAND COTTAGE

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WOMAN OF THE FUTURE

A HISTORY OF THE

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WOMAN OF THE FUTURE

1849

THE TWO AMERICAN EDITIONS OF THIS NARRATIVE
WERE DEDICATED
TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE LATE JOHN JAY,
WHO HAVE BEEN EYE WITNESSES OF ITS TRUTH:

THIS EDITION IS INSCRIBED
TO MY FRIENDS IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
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CYNTHIA TAGGART.

A sketch of this most remarkable sufferer has been lately published under the the title of "The Rhode Island Cottage," which may be ascribed, we presume, to the pen of the Rev. James C. Richmond, who has so benevolently interested himself in her behalf. The narrative is one of mournful and intense interest, and written with beautiful and affecting simplicity. The object of it we understand to be, to excite an interest in the public mind in favor of the poems of Miss Taggart,* an edition of which was published sometime since, a part of which yet remains unsold.† The object is most praiseworthy; and while we heartily commend "The Rhode Island Cottage," as a narrative which cannot be read without tears by any not devoid of all human sympathies, we would entreat every reader to let the interest awakened by the narrative lead him to inquire after the poems, if, indeed, he do not already possess them. These poems are on many accounts remarkable: they are the productions of a native and untutored genius: in their images and allusions they are singularly characteristic of humble life, as it exists in our own country: they are the essays of one who for eleven years has been the victim of unremitted anguish, in comparison of which all the ordinary forms of sickness and sorrow vanish into nothing: they pour forth a continued flow of sorrow in a versification seldom harsh, always perspicuous, often strikingly peculiar in sentiment and diction, and occasionally disclosing gleams of poetic genius; and they are still more remarkable as the monuments of the efficacy of the Gospel of JESUS CHRIST in mitigating with consolation, and even illumining with joy, the most appalling, and, in respect

* An English edition of the Poems of Cynthia Taggart is in the press.

† The whole of two large American editions, both of this sketch and of the poems, have been exhausted.

to worldly relief, the most desperate extremities of human wretchedness. One further recommendation they have: they have been published by some friends, whom Providence has raised up to succour the sufferer, with the benevolent intention of averting the evils of poverty and dependence from one whose life, even without this aggravation, is no better than a propagated agony. With all these claims to notice, might we not expect that every American and every Christian would own the poems of Cynthia Taggart? Or must it be left to a future generation to pay an empty tribute to sorrow and genius, which the present have passed by in apathy?

From one of the poems of some length, entitled "The Heart's Desire," we will venture to detach the following verses, and insert them under the title of an Ode to Health. Let the reader turn to No. 48 of the Rambler, and compare with them a celebrated Ode to Health, one of the beautiful remnants of Greek antiquity, as translated and eulogized by the Colossus of English literature, and see how tame and spiritless is the exquisite polish of the Grecian specimen, by the side of the impassioned burst of prayer, the touches so true to life, the descriptions so intensely powerful, wrought by nature, as it were, in the strains of the obscure inmate of the Rhode Island Cottage! How insipid the wish,

Μετα σου ναοίμι
Το λειπομενον βίωτας,

compared with the full-souled adjuration that sues,

"By all the pangs of wasting life,
By gasping nature's chilling strife,
To gain one lingering view
Of thy fair aspect, mildly sweet,
And kiss from off thy airy feet
The healing drops of dew."

How wretchedly impertinent and common-place seems the allusion to the influence of health in enhancing the pleasures of wealth and power, and birth and love, compared with the touching lamentation of domestic loneli-

ness, and banishment from social enjoyments, induced by protracted disease :

“ And separate from the household band,
Disconsolate and lone,
With no sweet converse's social charm
One pain imperious to disarm,
And quell the rising moan.”

The truth and force of the allusion in this stanza can hardly be conceived but by those who have beheld a fellow-creature cut off from social sympathies, and compelled month after month, and year after year, to turn the energies of a vigorous mind in upon itself, and feed upon its own agonies,

“ While every thought that filled the brain
Gave maddening energy to pain.”

An Ode to Health.

O Health ! thy succouring aid extend,
While low, with bleeding heart, I bend,
And on thine every means attend,
And sue with streaming eyes :
But more remote thou fliest away,
The humbler I thine influence pray,
And expectation dies.

Twice three long years of life have gone,
Since thy loved presence was withdrawn
And I to grief resigned,
Laid on the couch of lingering pain,
Where stern disease's torturing chain
Has every limb confined.

And separate from the household band,
Disconsolate and lone,
With no sweet converse's social charm
One pain imperious to disarm,
Or quell the rising moan,

I lie in hopeless doom to grieve,
 While no kind office can relieve,
 Nor can I sustenance receive
 But from another's hand.

While anguish veils the body o'er,
 And balmy sleep is known no more,
 And every thought that thrills the brain
 Gives frantic energy to pain,
 And the cold dew-drops copious drain
 Through every opening, rending pore.

Health ! wilt thou not, for the black stream,
 That bears keen poison through the veins,
 A cordial swift prepare ?
 Bring back their own bright crimson glow,
 And the true circulating flow,
 And mitigate despair ?

Once more my pleadings I renew,
 And with my panting breath I sue,
 Goaded by potent pain,
 By all the pangs of wasting life,
 By gasping nature's chilling strife,
 To gain one lingering view
 Of thy fair aspect, mildly sweet,
 And kiss from off thine airy feet
 The healing drops of dew.

O bathe my burning temples now,
 And cool the scorching of my brow,
 And light the rayless eye ;
 My strength revive with thine own might,
 And with thy footsteps firm and light,
 O bear me to thy radiant height,
 Where, soft reposing, lie
 Mild peace, and happiness, and joy,
 And nature's sweets, that never cloy,
 Unmixed with direful pain's alloy ;
 Leave me not thus to die !

THE
RHODE ISLAND COTTAGE.

THE approaching dissolution of a very dear mother had cast a deep shade of sorrow over the minds of two brothers. The younger of them relates the following unadorned incidents, as they then occurred, in the fervent hope, and with an earnest prayer, that they may be to many who are sorrowing, as they proved to him, a lesson to bear with resignation and meekness the trials sent by a merciful God, to wean our souls from the world, and raise them to a heavenly and enduring inheritance. He trusts that many sons and daughters of suffering may thence derive encouragement to receive, with devout submission, afflictions that dwindle into trifles, compared with the sore and heavy burden that God is pleased to lay upon these children of sorrow.

On a pleasant day in the spring of 1832, we determined to leave the noisy and bustling town for the more tranquil scenes that surround the rural graves of our forefathers. Our way lay across that beautiful island which has sometimes been called the Garden of America. And indeed, the peaceful vale

which lies within it, refreshed by cool, healthful breezes from the sea, and enlivened by the waves, whose snow-crested summits may be seen, and their solemn roar heard, as they roll in and break upon the distant beach; the green meadows, brightening in the sudden glances of the sun, now hidden, and now beaming forth again from the hasty clouds, while the flitting shadows are seen running along the sloping hill-side, or quickly crossing the little valley; the fertile fields, relieved at intervals by clustering trees, or here and there adorned with a quiet habitation, whose industrious and healthy inmates, dispersed over the valley, give animation to the scene; the birds and the flocks that may here feed or sing undisturbed; the bright and lively rivulets that are heard murmuring over the pebbles, or seen opening upon you unexpectedly, and therefore doubly refreshing and delightful; the sight of a sail at sea, or the beautiful country-seats on the tops of the distant hills, which but just remind you of the troubled world you have left behind: these, and a thousand untold charms, demand for Rhode Island a little more than that passing tribute of admiration which we bestow on all the beautiful works of God.

Through these scenes wound our way, un-

til, at length, it brought us to a bank, overlooking the eastern arm of the ocean, which there separates the island from the mainland. In the beautiful bay beneath us lay the ferry-boat ; but unfortunately, as we then thought, the ferryman was absent. While one of the brothers remained on the rocks to raise a signal for the boat on the opposite side, the other approached a small farmhouse, on the hill that rises gently sloping from the shore, for the purpose of trying the hospitality of its inhabitants.

And here he must pause to acknowledge the infinite goodness and wisdom of Him whose ways are not as ours, and who ordereth *every step* of man to the accomplishment of His beneficent purposes, although, as in the present case, the unconscious instrument see nought in the Providence of God but disappointment and delay. Had the ferryman been at home as usual, the subjects of this humble sketch might have remained in their poverty and obscurity, unseen, unheard of, and unassisted. Had he been at his post, as we several times fruitlessly wished, a gifted creature of God might have lain till this hour, in a measure undiscovered, the powers which her Creator bestowed might have died with her unknown, and the instructive example of a suffering, but eminently resigned and Christian family, would

have been lost to the afflicted. Many a time from childhood had we crossed that ferry, and the ferryman had never once been absent. Never before had we occasion to visit this Rhode Island Cottage.

On approaching the fence that formed the only entrance to a small patch of ground, cultivated as a garden, I observed in front of the house a feeble old man, bowed down with the weight of sickness and of lengthened days. With some difficulty, on account of his deafness, I drew his attention from the little household cares over which he was bending. He kindly approached the fence, and leaning upon it, entered into conversation, which soon showed that his mind was not altogether of the common order. On my remarking the superiority of his language over his station and opportunities, the old man quietly replied, with some slight appearance of conscious intelligence, "Why, Sir, there are two things which I always attended to, the right meaning of words, and the right spelling of words."

"These are certainly sufficient," I replied, "if you always put them, as I observe you do, in their *right* places. But when you were young the country was distracted by the revolution, and you had neither leisure nor opportunity for education."

"'Tis true, Sir, I was engaged in hard

struggles, and made hair-breadth escapes in the old war, but God carried me safely through them all ; and as he gave me a wish to learn, and to read, I found time and books, and obtained some knowledge, with the help of a good father, who knew the advantages of learning. They say the Taggarts were always inclined to be a reading family, Sir."

He then entered into a short history of his revolutionary days, which he wrote out just before his death, and which has been prefixed to his daughter's poems. It soon appeared that he was intimately acquainted, and, during the war, had lived with some of the very men whose graves we were about to visit. When I disclosed my name, he exclaimed, " Why, Sir, you are one of our own folks !" and his kindness was increased, if possible, towards a descendant of one of his old comrades in war. But though willing and anxious to comply with my request to furnish us with food, he expressed his fears lest he should be unable, on account of the state of his family. " I suppose, Sir," he said, " that I have the most afflicted family on this island. I have one daughter who has been lying on her bed in that house, more than eleven years,* and the physicians

* Now twenty-eight years.

can do nothing for her. Her sister has worn herself out in watching over her, and now she is a cripple, and has to be moved about the house. Another daughter is deranged, and my wife is old and feeble, and troubled with a bad cough. She does all she can, Sir; but I cannot work as I used to do: and I have had very heavy doctors' bills to pay. It is but a little while since I paid more than four hundred dollars. I have been obliged to mortgage my little farm; and it is almost all gone. I hope it will be enough to carry us through this world to a better. It is all right. I know that the Supreme Ruler of the universe does what is best for us."

As the venerable old man concluded, and I looked upon his silver locks, I could not help loving him. My interest was the more strongly excited because I thought I discovered in his appearance, language, and piety, some resemblance to the good Dairyman. Indeed, I have often wished the whole scene might be delineated by that beloved and excellent disciple of Christ, who has described, with so much feeling and beauty, similar cases, which show that we should

" Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace;
 Behind a frowning providence,
 He hides a smiling face."

But he is gone to his rest, and cannot behold a scene peculiarly fitted to awaken the interest of all who delight to know "the Annals of the Poor." Had he looked upon that humble cottage; it would have drawn from his devout mind some pious remembrance of the Master who had not where to lay his head. Had he gazed on the broad ocean which you may see from the cottage-door, he would have recognized the emblem of God's infinity in its boundless expanse, seen his peace reflected from its calm blue bosom, or heard the terrible voice of the Lord in the majestic thundering of its waters against the rough rocks of the opposite Seconet. He could not have looked upon the beautiful and peaceful Mount Hope, without reminding you of the loveliness of Mount Zion, and the eternal peace of heaven. He could not have cast his eye upon the rock,* where the Indian warrior smoked the calumet of peace with the white man,

* Colonel Church, the boldest of the early warriors against the Indians, made a treaty with Awashonks, the queen-sachem of the Seconets, at a rock on the farm of Edward Richmond, 1675. This treaty destroyed the power, and ruined the hopes of King Philip. A Poem on Metacomet, or King Philip, by the author of this sketch, is in the press. See the *History of Colonel Church, by his Son*. See also "*An Historical Memoir of the Colony of New-Plymouth, by Francis Baylies*," vol. ii. part iii. p. 146.

without lamenting that the fated race was passing from the earth, and that the white man had told the Indian little, very little, of the great peace to be made at the cross of Christ, the Rock of Ages.

But he rests from his labours, and we would not call him back, no, not even to do that which another may accomplish unworthily, to tell "the simple Annals of the Poor." No, not even to behold face to face the countenance of that modern disciple of heavenly charity, whom, having not seen, we love :

" Might one wish bring thee, would I wish thee here ?
 I would not trust my heart; the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might ;
 But no, what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be loved, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again."

Sure I am, that I shall be pardoned this passing remembrance of the " Friend" of " the Cottager," though it has detained me a moment from the cottager himself.

This good old man was a deacon in the Baptist denomination. When shall all that bear the name of Christ be filled with the spirit of charity that appeared in his answer to my half doubtful inquiry?—" I have a brother below who is a Christian minister,

but he is of the Church, and perhaps you do not desire that he should visit your afflicted family?" "O, Sir, with great joy," he replied, "for though there are many paths, there is only one Lord and one heaven." Indeed, there is also but one path, '*I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.*' I hastened down the hill to my brother on the shore, and in a few moments we were standing before the door of the cottage. It was opened by the old man himself. Never shall I forget the appearance of this aged soldier, who had contended for the rights of his country in his morning days, and, in the noon and evening of life, had girded on the sword of the Spirit, and faithfully fought the battles of Christ. He was now, as it afterwards proved, about to lay aside the earthly implements of his Christian warfare, to receive the crown of victory and glory from the hands of the great Captain of his salvation.

He had removed the hat from his head, which bore the furrows of nearly seventy-eight summers. The white locks were carefully combed and fell on each side of his temples. It was evident that he now felt all the dignity of a patriarch in receiving an ambassador from his heavenly Prince. There was something indescribable in his elevated

demeanour, which seemed to say to my brother, "I know that you are coming on the highest embassy of God to man; that you are a herald of the consolation, and pardon, and peace of the gospel, and I would stand at the door of my house and bid a worthy welcome to the servant of my Lord." In the impressive service appointed by the Church for her afflicted children,

"Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it."

My heart responded, Amen. Walking slowly before us into the room, the old man said, "Wife, here are some of our own folks come to see us," and we were welcomed by a feeble and aged woman, who seemed worn out with fatigue and watching, and troubled with a consumptive cough. The old man left the room, but soon returned, moving with difficulty his eldest daughter, the cripple, by rocking the chair in which she sat from side to side. He then placed himself by the clergyman, and from the conversation that ensued, it was evident that his heart was at rest, in contemplation of the transient nature of earthly sorrows, and the never ending joys of heaven.

"These great afflictions are doubtless intended," said the minister, "to free us from our attachment to the world, and to set our minds on the things above." "Doubtless,"

replied the old man, as he quoted the scriptures slowly, and with solemn reverence, "for we have here no continuing city, but we seek a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

This spirit of entire resignation, which shone forth triumphantly in every sentence uttered by the good and venerable man, was indeed delightful. The character of the mother was, perhaps, less chastened and subdued. She was, it may be, under the necessity of being more like Martha, "careful and troubled," in providing for us. Indeed, she has since confessed, that when she first saw me standing by the fence, in conversation with her husband, she exclaimed, "O, there is a stranger; I hope he will not come in to see our poverty and misery." She now acknowledges that the stranger's steps were guided thither by God. She soon placed a table before us, neatly covered and furnished with those little delicacies that are found ready for the expected, or the un-expected guest, in almost every New-England cottage, but which surprised us here, for the house is on a very secluded spot,* distant from any road, and seldom visited. Yet in all this obscurity,

* The family were afterwards compelled to leave this house, and it has been removed to another place not far from the old site.

affliction, and poverty, we were most hospitably entertained. Our hostess was not a little disturbed, when it was discovered that her insane daughter, Maria, had hidden the tea-spoons. As she hastily went to the door, and in a very shrill but feeble voice, called her amiable little grand-daughter, Elizabeth, whose mother is now no more, I thought the sharp tones would go through my very heart.

The eldest daughter, the cripple, still remained bowed down in her chair by the stove; but in the calmness and resignation of her countenance you might read a delightful eulogy on the religion of Jesus Christ. She was feeble in body but strong in faith. A heavenly tranquillity beamed from her countenance, such as the prosperous and happy of the world seldom know; but which is the peculiar gift of the Saviour to his humble children. And few persons have attained to greater humility, meekness, and forbearance than Elizabeth T. Her cousin, the ferryman before mentioned, once said to me, "Nobody knows the worth of Betsey; nothing will offend her, Sir; for I believe she never was *put out* in her life."

It was pleasing to meet in this humble dwelling several old and useful books, one of which appeared to have been brought over by the Pilgrims. Another was the quaint,

but, with the Society of Friends, very favorite work of William Penn, entitled, "No Cross, no Crown."

Thus were these pious people endeavoring to fortify their souls in their present afflictions, by steadfastly fixing the eye of faith upon the future bliss of eternity, and by remembering what an estimable clergyman once quoted in the midst of this suffering band, that "Christ Himself did bear the crown of thorns before HE ascended to receive the crown of glory."

After the table was removed, the old man led the way into the sick chamber of his other daughter, Cynthia. In a small room, containing but one window, on a couch, which had been her almost constant resting place—resting place, did I say? rather, the solitary witness of unnumbered hours of the keenest anguish, lay her emaciated frame, as it had lain for eleven years! What a lesson for the complaining, who, blessed with health, and living in the midst of prosperity and comforts, are at a loss for the invention of new pleasures! What a lesson for the sick who suffer lightly or have not suffered long. O, hear it, ye who murmur at God's allotments. This afflicted being suffers more than imagination can conceive. Sleep *never* visits her as a balm, but brings, in its momentary ap-

proaches, visions of horror that are changed, in her waking hours, to unspeakable anguish ; often resembling, to use her own expression, "the tearing of twenty pieces of flesh from her body by pincers." Nor is any portion of this suffering imaginary, as the healthy are sometimes inclined cruelly to suggest. Many physicians have declared her case beyond their power, and there are among them men of distinguished science, and of well known feeling, who cannot read her affecting "Appeal to the Faculty," and leave any reasonable measures for her relief untried. Yet this suffering and comparatively uneducated woman, has at last been able, in reliance upon the promises of God, to seek relief by flying to her Saviour, whom she had acknowledged in her heart, though not before men, ere she was stretched upon the bed of agony. She has devoted a few of her least distracted hours, not to the cultivation of the poetical genius which God has given her, for this talent she hardly seems conscious of possessing, but to the simple expression of her feelings in the verses, that, during this long period, she has dictated chiefly to her father. He alone seemed to set a just value on the rich gifts and treasures that lay in her mind.

Of all this, however, we knew nothing. My brother approached the bed-side, and

seated himself near her head. The few questions he asked were not answered without thought, as too often happens; for pressing her trembling and wasted fingers upon her temples, as if to *keep in* the anguish, she replied, in a low voice, and very slowly,—“You ask your questions rather quickly, Sir; will you have the goodness to repeat the last?” “Are you perfectly resigned to the will of God?” She replied, “I fear, Sir, I cannot say that I am.” This little trait of consideration and sincerity deeply interested us, and was the first proof that we had of the remarkable character of her mind.

At length the solemn voice of prayer arose in that humble dwelling. My brother knelt at the bed-side, while the old man, according to his custom, leaned on the back of his chair. The mother was near. The cripple, Elizabeth, was placed at the door, but also in the next room, for the small sick chamber would admit but three. Never shall I forget those impressive moments, and, least of all, the solemn benedictions in the affecting and appropriate Service of the “Visitation of the Sick.” “The Almighty Lord, who is a most strong tower to all those who put their trust in Him; to whom all things in heaven, in earth, and under the earth, do bow and obey, be now and evermore thy defence; and make

thee know and feel that there is none other name under heaven given to man, in whom, and through whom, thou mayest receive health and salvation, but only the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit thee: The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace both now and evermore. Amen.'

As we withdrew, I looked through the chamber window, and thought to myself: How often have I gazed upon the ceaseless heaving billows of that same ocean, and sailed upon its bosom many a weary day, in search of the interesting wonders that the world contains, and now I am returned to the scenes of my childhood, to find, in a cottage, the most interesting of all. Yet this Rhode Island Cottage I have often passed, in utter ignorance of its inmates.

It was not till we retired to the other room that we discovered the remarkable fact, that the sufferer possessed a large share of that gift, believed to be a peculiar boon of heaven; for, to our question, "How does your daughter Cynthia pass the time?" the old man replied by producing a number of well worn and soiled manuscript poems. At first

we read a few of them, through mere kindness to the father; not thinking that so pure a gem had been hidden among these barren rocks.

But in this humble sketch we will say little of her poems; for they are now before the world, and speak for themselves. Suffice it to say, they are the poetry of truth and are peculiar, because her sufferings are peculiarly her own.

But we must pause, to acknowledge the goodness of God, who, in taking the father from his helpless family, prepared, in the gift bestowed upon that very daughter, whose long sickness had contributed to reduce them to want, the means of support and comparative comfort, for *enjoyment* they could not expect.

We departed, leaving a small sum, not as a remuneration for their trouble, (for that would have deeply wounded the feelings of the good old man,) but as the first subscription for the poems of his daughter, of whose gifts the fond father was justly proud, and in whose goodness the veteran Christian delighted.

As we crossed the water, I said to the ferryman, "William, you have told me of almost every thing under the sun; all that you knew about the serpent that had nearly crushed the Roman army, and a hundred such things; but you never said a word of your sick cousin on that hill." How full of human

nature was his answer ! “She has been sick a great while, Sir.” Man becomes hardened to sorrows which he often sees, or has long known. The sufferer says somewhere in her poems,

“The sleepless night, the wretched day
To months and *years prolonged*,
Drive all one’s pitying friends away,
That once benignant thronged.”

It was deeply affecting, as we sailed smoothly along, to look back upon that cottage. There it stood, as quiet upon the gentle elevation as any of the neighbouring dwellings. The smoke curled as beautifully from its chimney, and, had we not just left it, we might have imagined that as much prosperity, and happiness, and health, dwelt beneath its roof as under theirs. But, oh ! we had seen in that lowly habitation sharp disease busied in destroying all the hopes of its inmates for this world. This outward tranquillity and loveliness was but a shadow ; and yet it was an emblem, a holy emblem of the rest, and quietness, and joy of heaven, which, we trust, to these sufferers, and to all the followers of the Lamb, shall succeed the woes, turmoil, and tumult, that are within this lower world, and that lie hidden under an outward semblance of peace in many an afflicted bosom.

Lowly cottage, farewell ! When the end

shall be, may all thy inmates "look upon Zion, the city of their solemnities;" may their "eyes see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down." There they will no longer need thy humble shelter, for they shall inhabit "a city having the glory of God; a city that has no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of the Lord will lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." In that city they shall not be afflicted nor despised, for they "shall walk with the kings of the earth, which bring their glory and honor into it; and there they shall obtain joy and gladness, for sorrow and mourning shall flee away." And there, if we also be numbered among the redeemed, we shall need ye no more, little boat, and proud ocean, for "the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby."

Eighteen months rolled away before I could again visit this afflicted family; during which time I had received holy orders. Their situation in the interval is touchingly and beautifully described by a clergyman who kindly visited them. "I heard of an afflicted family in the neighbourhood, and learning that a visit of condolence would be very acceptable, I determined to make one. I was

directed to a small house, far from any road, on the side of a hill, descending to an arm of the sea, which separates this island from the adjoining main-land. The first person I saw, on approaching the house, was a young woman at the door, who, as soon as she perceived me, uttered some incoherent words, and disappeared. I knocked; was admitted; and soon introduced to the family.

“It was composed of a venerable old man, his wife, and three daughters. Here I found sickness, distress, and poverty, in conflict with religion, peace, and purity; and I rejoice to say the latter appeared to triumph.

“The old man was feeble, and broken in constitution and health. His ‘hoary head,’ however, was ‘a crown of glory,’ for it was found in ‘the way of righteousness.’

“He had been an officer in the revolutionary war, and his last days were made anxious by endeavors to obtain a pension. He succeeded about a year since; but has now gone to serve a more generous Master.

“His wife was a confirmed invalid, and could, with the greatest difficulty, discharge her domestic duties.

“The three daughters were the principal sufferers. One was deprived of reason; the other two were emaciated by disease, and had been confined to their beds, one for two, and

the other for seven years.* Medical attendance, medicines, and loss of time in nursing his children, had consumed all the property of the good old man, except the small tenement which he occupied, and which, ere long, he expected to exchange for a still narrower one. But, for the credit of religion, and for the comfort of all who may be called to pass through 'the fire' of such trials, I can say, that this veteran soldier of Christ and his family seemed supported by the consolations of the gospel. On these I conversed at large, and with each member of the family; and endeavored to lighten, by every means in my power, the heavy burdens of these poor pilgrims.

"The father, the mother, and one of the daughters appeared cheerful and resigned; but the other daughter seemed greatly depressed. She had been now seven years* on a bed of exquisite pain. Her hair had turned gray by the unmitigated anguish of her head. Sleep had long deserted her, and she seemed to have been in the act of martyrdom for years. Confined for so long a time to her bed, incapable of occupation or amusement, at times, even of devotion, she struggled hard to say, 'Thy will be done.' She, however,

* She had been ill eleven (now 28) and almost bed-ridden seven (now 24) years.

appeared to confide in God, but was destitute of spiritual consolation.*

“In this state, and in this place, she composed, from time to time, the poems which are about to be published. They are like the Lamentations of Jeremiah, or, more truly, like the complainings of Job; and may serve to make both the prosperous and the afflicted more grateful, and submissive to the allotments of Divine Providence.

“The poems were composed and committed to memory, chiefly in the night; and were committed to writing by her father and others, at their leisure.

“A little garden before her window, the sun which rose and set, the winds of heaven which shook her cottage, and the ocean, whose ‘billowy anthem’ was ever chanting at the foot of the hill, afforded the only variety to her thoughts. From these, and from her bodily sufferings, she draws subjects and illustrations for her muse. She remains to this day sunk in a bed of anguish, calm and patient. The blessed Saviour, I trust, sits beside her, as a ‘refiner and purifier of silver;’ and when he perceives the work to be com-

* She is now entirely resigned to God’s will, and derives all her comfort from the promises of the gospel of Christ.—June 28th, 1835.—She has since been baptized, confirmed, and received the Holy Communion.—1848.

pleted, he will doubtless withdraw the fire. I am glad that the poems are to be published, for it is always a relief to make known our griefs; and I cannot but hope, whether the number of her admirers be great or small, that she will, by these poems, secure to herself a few sympathizing friends. One I am sure she has already made; who remains, dear sir,

Always yours,

B. C. CUTLER."

No apology is made for introducing here a letter from Cynthia, to a lady who has been most benevolent and active in her cause.

" October 28th, 1833.

DEAR MADAM,

I have not strength at present to comply with your request respecting an account of the nature and progress of my protracted diseases, and of my feelings under them, which have been anything rather than what I could wish; though at all times, in my greatest extremities, I have assuredly believed that the Judge of all the earth will do right, and that it is in mercy and compassion He afflicts; and have desired to be enabled to say, 'It is the Lord; let him do as seemeth to him good.' If ever I am favored with strength and composure sufficient, I will, with the utmost

readiness and alacrity, gratify your wishes. My dear father is very ill, and to appearance fast approaching the bounds of mortality; but with prospects full of immortality and life. His faith is strong, and his soul sustained, in the midst of his bodily distresses, with heavenly consolations, and peace that passeth understanding; which is a great encouragement and support to our minds, in the pain and anguish of being separated from a kind and precious parent. But it is our humble hope and earnest prayer that the separation may not be final; and that we may be again united in those blessed abodes, where there is no more pain, sin, nor sorrow, and where the Lord shall wipe away all tears from all eyes; and it is a consoling reflection that this will be the happy lot of all those that love and obey the Saviour.

With great esteem and cordial regard,
Your friend,
CYNTHIA TAGGART.

As the good old man died shortly after, the conclusion of his memoir is inserted.

“We have experienced a long scene of affliction, in the protracted illness of three amiable daughters; one of whom, for a long time, has been, and still is, deprived of her reason; another, for more than ten years,

has been, by a series of complicated disorders, confined helpless to her bed; and a third, who more than three years since, on the day of the funeral obsequies of another sister, was seized with sudden illness, has also been confined from that time until the last few weeks. Thus, by the accumulation of misfortunes, I have been compelled to relinquish my property to my indulgent creditors excepting a sufficiency for procuring a small tenement for my suffering family. But what, abundant reason have I to pour out my soul in grateful acknowledgement to the Author of all good, that in the midst of judgment he hath remembered mercy; that he has taken my feet from the miry clay, and placed them on the Rock Christ Jesus.

“ In June, 1804, I united in Christian fellowship with the Second Baptist Church in Newport; and in September, 1809, was chosen, by a unanimous vote, to the office of deacon. As an additional motive, to call on my soul to bless God's holy name, I have abundant reason to hope and firmly believe, that my three afflicted daughters have found the pearl of great price; and when reason shall have regained its empire in the mind of my afflicted Maria, they will unite in pronouncing all things as loss and dross, in comparison with the knowledge of their ex-

alted Redeemer; and, with devout hearts and united voices, say with the inspired apostle, 'Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'

WILLIAM TAGGART.
Middletown, R. I., October 24th, 1838."

Another gentleman writes, "I left their dwelling, having witnessed a scene of domestic suffering, and a form of domestic piety, which none can contemplate without being made better. The impression of it never will be effaced from my recollection. Amidst the discontents and repinings of society, I shall often recal the spectacle of this suffering family, and think of the value of that religion which has been their support."

When at length duty brought me near to them, I inquired of a gentleman at Newport, "Do you know anything of William Taggart?" The answer was, "He died at one o'clock this morning." It was Sunday, and nothing but the performance of my appropriate duties would have kept me away from them till the next morning, when, accompanied by a benevolent lady, I again found myself passing over a part of the same road. But the family abode was no longer by the

sea-side ; for the old man had been compelled to sell his little farm to pay his debts, and had removed to a cottage about four miles from Newport, and situated on the principal road across the island.

There he had purchased a small house, with a few acres of land. By the assistance of a most benevolent gentleman* of the city of New York, well known for his Christian kindness and generosity to the inhabitants of that part of the island, the aged soldier had obtained a pension, and now hoped to maintain his family honorably and comfortably, when death came and took him away, and left his helpless wife and children to the Father of the fatherless and the widow's God. My brother, in company with the gentleman just mentioned, visited the family while the father lay on his dying bed.

"Will you join with me in the prayers of the Church?" said my brother. "By all means ; in the prayers of your own Church, Sir, if you please," said the dying man. He listened with deep attention, and seemed most fervently to pray in the language of that sublime and beautiful liturgy, which has, for ages, been hallowed by the lips of martyrs, and confessors, and holy men of old. When the impressive devotions were ended, the

* Samuel Ward, deceased.

old man exclaimed, with the spirit of charity glowing on his countenance, "You can't have better prayers than those, Sir." The language of the mother was most touching. When she saw her friends in their new cottage, she forgot all her afflictions, and instead of repining, dwelt upon the goodness of God. "O! Mr. Ward," she said, clasping her hands together, as is her custom when deeply moved, "how thankful we ought to be that we have a *roof* over our heads."

But to resume the thread of the narrative. The lady and myself entered the house of mourning. The first sight that met our eyes was the coffin of the good man, decently placed, and waiting the last solemn rites. He who had buried two beloved daughters but a short time before, and had not strength to follow the mother of his grand-child, Elizabeth, to the grave, was now gone to those who could not return to him.

The cripple was at this time able to move about the house by herself, though not without difficulty, supporting herself from chair to chair. She met us at the door, recognized me, and soon told her mother of our coming. The aged and feeble widow seized my hands, joined them together, bent over them, and, as I felt the tears falling fast upon them, I

thought her heart would break, as she cried, "He is gone ! he is gone ! and what shall I do ?" After the first burst of grief had subsided, she began to relate, in the midst of her tears, the circumstances attending the last hours of her departed husband. He spent them in piously exhorting his neighbours. But he had not left this duty to be done on his death-bed alone ; for nearly thirty years he had confessed Christ before men, according to the light which he had, and he now called together those who had witnessed his consistent and pious life, that he might close his instructions, and having set to them the last hand of faith, seal them up in their presence, with the impress and glowing hope of a blessed immortality. Very often it was supposed that his last moments were rapidly approaching, "and when we told him," said the weeping wife, "that he would wear himself out, he only said, 'let me spend my last hours in doing my Master's will ; let me tell my neighbours, before I go hence, to be no more seen, that they must be ready for the Lord at his coming. It will be soon to them also. O, Sir.'" she continued, "you cannot tell how he talked. He was so quiet and resigned. On the first day of September he went out of his house for the last time, to pick out his grave. But he was too weak,

and had to come back again very soon. Then he said, 'I cannot do it, but my friends will do it for me.' He never went out again. He wrote that account of his life a few days before he died.* He was soon confined to his room; but sometimes, when the neighbours came in, he would raise himself up in his bed, and talk to them for hours, till we were afraid his strength was all gone. And O, Sir, how good he talked. He said he was going to a world that he had sometimes seen in his dreams, and it was so much brighter and better than this world, that we must not be sorry for him. One night he waked, and told me he thought he had been in that glorious world; that he should soon be there indeed, and that when he was gone to the better land, I must be comforted, and remember he was happier than he was here, and that I must get ready to join him. But, O! now he is gone! What shall I do? He is gone!"

But who may measure the depth of this affliction to Cynthia? Her father had been almost the only person for many long, long years who had truly sympathized with her; for although others felt for her physical sufferings, they were not all well aware of the exalted nature of the soul that was bowed

* See Poems by Cynthia Taggart.

down beneath this load of bodily agony. It was her father who comforted her desponding hours. It was to her father that she had dictated those little effusions that solaced the weariness of her couch of sorrow. It was her father who had read to her the holy book of God, and sent up from her bed-side the earnest prayer in her behalf. It was her father whom she would see in this world no more.

Elizabeth led the way to her sister's chamber. Ascending a steep and narrow staircase, we found ourselves in a very small bed-room, nearly filled with the couch which the sufferer occupied. I approached the head of the bed. She knew me. The chill November blast rattled against and penetrated the loosened window. "Does not this cold wind give you pain?" "*It cools my brain,*" was her reply. I soon found that her mental suffering for her father's loss was very great; for though murmurings were repressed, I perceived, by the quivering of her lips, that an inward agony was there. I spoke of the character of the departed; of the victory he had now gained in the great battle of his Master; of the consolation of the scriptures, giving hope that we shall meet in another world, and recognize our friends who have died in Christ Jesus, if only our own robes

be washed white in the blood of the Lamb.* At length Elizabeth said, "Cynthia, will you tell our friend the lines you made about our dear father?" "They are not worthy of being repeated," she replied, "*for they are only my feelings.*" But when I requested it, she dictated, slowly and distinctly, her trembling hand supporting her aching head, and I wrote down, from her lips, line by line, the following:

TO HER FATHER,

SUPPOSED TO BE DYING.

My Father ! sweet thy accents fall,
And full of tender love ;
These will thy suffering child recal,
When thou art blest above.

Thou didst the words of joy and peace
With faith and love combine,
That taught my soul from earth to cease,
And seek to follow thine.

Oh ! shall no more my listening ear
Catch that celestial voice ?
No more thy heavenly converse hear,
That bade my soul rejoice ?

Those words of kind parental care,
Which soothed my bed of pain ;
That look of sympathy, oh ! ne'er
Shall I behold again !

* 2 Samuel xii. 23 ; John xiv. 2, 3 ; 1 Thessalonians iv. 13—18 ; v. 10 ; 2 Thessalonians ii. 1.

Where shall thy suffering child repair,
 To seek protection now ?
 Since Death's cold hand, so often near,
 Has touch'd thine honoured brow.

Where shall this helpless, writhing form,
 A kind supporter find ?
 And where, oh! where, midst Sorrow's storm,
 Shall rest this struggling mind ?

Who will, like thee, direct the prayer
 With strong desire to heaven ;
 And grace unto thy children bear,
 To fervent pleadings given ?

O blessed parent, guide, and friend !
 Where shall my soul repose ?
 Our sky is dark ; what ills attend !
 The world no succour shows.

Where ?—but alas ! on earth how vain,
 To seek a cure for grief ;
 Yet One the helpless will sustain ;
 Thy God will give relief.

Yes, He to whom thy soul shall rise,
 And be for ever blest,
 Will look in pity from the skies,
 And give thy children rest.

Let any humane heart imagine her situation. Separated only by the ceiling, and but a few feet distant from her father, yet that separation was for ever in this world. She could not be carried to him, and he, for four weeks previous to his death, could not come to her. Still she could hear his voice,

as he piously exhorted his neighbours, and that voice was to her so dear! She was soon to hear it no more. Often had the sorrowful tidings been brought to her, that her father was dying, and again he had revived. While the rest of the family were assembled around the bed of the dying man, she could but lie in her loneliness and think, —“ My father still lives, but I shall never see him again !” Before our departure the funeral guests had assembled. Among them was a brother of the deceased, the dearest uncle of his children. He was also laid in his grave a few months afterwards, and this bereaved family was left with scarcely a human stay. Having looked once more upon the countenance of the righteous dead, I went away, leaving the mourners to “ commit the body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come.”

The Spring had covered his grave with the green grass, when I next stood by it, and the single flower which grew upon it, I plucked, and put into Cynthia's hand. The tears stood in her eyes as she looked upon and cherished this beautiful emblem of the resurrection of her father, who should arise from the dead to the new life of heaven, as

this humble flower had re-arisen, with the spring, from her father's grave. How often she had been lifted up on her pillow, that she might look upon the orchard trees, under which she had once seen her father walking, but he was there no more.

ON A LITTLE FLOWER,

WHICH GREW ON HER FATHER'S GRAVE.

Sweet flower ! what bright spot gave thee birth ?
 Ah ! my sick heart replies,
 It grew upon the hallowed earth
 Where my lov'd parent lies.

Ah ! must his reverend form, beloved,
 Moulder within the tomb,
 From earth's bright joyous scenes removed,
 In Death's dark rayless gloom ?

O, blessed parent, whence these tears
 That will not be repress'd ?
 I know thy soul in heaven appears,
 And thou supremely bless'd.

Before the eternal throne of God
 I know thy spirit dwells,
 And, raptured in that bright abode,
 Sweet hallelujahs swells.

But still my aching heart will bleed,
 And seek to find thee here :
 O, father, much thy love I need,
 Forgive the falling tear.

This blooming flower, June's balmy breeze
 Recals to my sad mind,
 Where late I saw, beneath the trees,
 That reverend form reclin'd.

While sweet benignity and grace
 In that calm aspect shone,
 Celestial love beam'd in thy face,
 And joys to earth unknown.

While from those lips, sublimest themes
 In holy ardour flow'd,
 When faith portrayed the glorious scenes
 Of thy divine abode.

And still those soul inspiring strains
 Ne'er ceased, but with thy breath;
 When racked thy form with mortal pain,
 Sweet were thy words in death!

And may not this bright, golden flower*
 Be a faint emblem, given
 Of hopes that cheered thy mortal hour,
 Bright with the rays of heaven?

When, at thy last expiring throe,
 Thy soul, on wings of love,
 Burst its confining bondage through,
 And sought the realms above:

Beyond the regions of the skies,
 Those bright, immortal plains,
 Where love and pleasure never dies,
 Where Christ the Saviour reigns:

There has thy ransomed soul, refined,
 With the adoring throng,
 Transported, in their praises joined,
 Their everlasting song.

* This flower is commonly called a *butter cup*.

And ere that last departing scene,
 When fled thy soul above,
 Thou didst with hallowed joy serene,
 Dwell on redeeming love ;

How oft, at evening's tranquil hour,
 That heavenly voice I heard,
 When thou, for mercy's healing power,
 The fervent prayer preferr'd ;

While humble thanks, each morning rose,
 As incense to the skies,
 To Him who bore our heavy woes,
 And hears our suppliant cries.

How oft, beside my painful bed,
 Of languishment and grief,
 Thou hast sustain'd my fainting head,
 And sought from heaven relief !

While sweetest sympathy divine,
 In thy loved aspect shone,
 When press'd my scorching hand in thine,
 And soothed each anguished moan !

Thou, with what glorious words ! didst raise,
 My drooping thoughts to heaven,
 And teach my soul on Him to gaze,
 Who endless life hath given.

O, must that look, that voice, no more
 My fainting soul sustain ?
 Must still my aching heart deplore,
 And seek thee still in vain ?

O, blessed parent, thou can'st ne'er
 To thy sad offspring come ;
 O, may thy helpless child prepare
 To gain thine heavenly home ;

There meet thee in ecstatic bliss,
 With all the ransomed throng,
 Arrayed in perfect righteousness ;
 Join, too, that holy song,

To Him who fills the throne of heaven,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Be glory, honour, blessings given,
 Eternally—Amen !

June 21st, 1834.

But she had now wholly given up her own will to the will of God. The third chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah was read to her, "I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath." The tears fell, but they were more chastened than they were two years before. All her thoughts, whether expressed in the beautiful and appropriate language of her conversation, or flowing in numbers, were evidently resting in heaven. She still lives. And who that sits in her little chamber, or breathes the pure and refreshing air of heaven, which in summer surrounds that quiet dwelling, can doubt that the promise "thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness," (Ps. xli. 3,) will be fulfilled, till she come to the invisible land, whose "inhabitants shall not say, I am sick."

TO THE SPIRIT OF MY DEPARTED FATHER.

O ! blessed Spirit, whither hast thou fled,
 Far from the pleasant earth and smiling skies,
 No more fresh odours, from the bright morn shed,
 Shall wake thy soul its matin hymn to rise.

No more that form shall grace the calm repast,
 No more those words of holy ardour flow,
 While beaming faces, with hushed reverence, cast
 Fond filial glances o'er that honour'd brow.

No more around the tranquil autumn hearth,
 Where lov'd forms gather as the day declines,
 No more in solemn joy or gentle mirth,
 That form—that voice—in that lov'd circle joins.

Far, far away, O desolate abode !
 That once loved sounds from those blest footsteps gave ;
 Ah ! where is he, for whom each fond heart glowed ?
 The spirit fled, the lov'd form in the grave !

Yes, he whose hoary head and reverend brow,
 Deep, holy thought and piety bespoke,
 Whose voice of solemn praises lingers now,
 That in the soul immortal yearnings woke ;

O holy parent, who thy place shall fill ?
 Who to the household band shall peace restore ?
 Thy chair is vacant, and the lov'd voice still,
 That none shall fill, O never, never more.

Yet where art thou, O blessed parent, where ?
 In the high heavens, through the Redeemer's blood,
 Chanting high anthems ever glorious there,
 And praise immortal to the Lamb of God.

LETTERS FROM CYNTHIA TAGGART.

LETTER I.

To a Lady.

*Middletown, Rhode Island,
Jan. 19th, 1835.*

DEAR MADAM,

After having received from you so many demonstrations of the most pure and disinterested kindness, and so many evidences of the deep and active interest you have taken in my welfare, I doubt not but you will pardon this intrusion, however unexpected and exceptionable it be. I now solicit your attention a few moments, solely from anxiety to learn something of the state of so benevolent and worthy a friend, to whom I am under the deepest obligations, and for whom I feel an ardour of affection, that I am confident no language can adequately express. Ever since I enjoyed those interesting and highly gratifying interviews with you, last summer, I have felt an ardent and irrepres- sible desire again to hear from so kind and sympathizing a friend; one who has the peculiar and happy ability of contributing so

greatly to the relief of the afflicted, and of adapting all her expressions of consolation and encouragement so exactly to the state of the sufferer ; from whom I have formerly received the most exhilarating and scriptural epistles, written in the kindest and most soothing manner, at a time when most needed, when my heart was overwhelmed, when my flesh was exercised with exquisite pain, and my soul mourned in the bitterness of hopeless grief. Could I again be the recipient of a few similar favors, they would be cherished with the most grateful affection, and would greatly relieve and revive the desponding heart of a wearied sufferer. But I do not utter this expression of my feelings as a request, for I am truly sensible I have no claims on your kindness, and that all your numerous, unmerited, and unrequited favors, have been bestowed with the utmost disinterestedness. But as you have voluntarily written to me in the most friendly manner, when a stranger, and as it is now so long a period since we have heard from you, I cannot wholly divest myself of the fear, though perhaps you will think it childish, that I have in some way offended you, though I know not how it can be, as I am certain, if my heart could be laid bare to view, there has not one thought passed in it respecting yourself from the

moment I first saw you to the present, with which you could be displeased, unless your modesty and great Christian humility should induce you to disapprove the high estimation in which my heart holds you, and ever must. But I am not only exercised with fears lest I should have unconsciously offended you, but lest you should be suffering from some severe affliction, either personal or relative, and I cannot feel any tranquillity or comfort when reflecting on one so inexpressibly dear and worthy, while in uncertainty respecting either. But if neither of the three evils I have feared is a reality, a few lines, if it would not be repugnant to your feelings, in affirmation of the same, would relieve a heart susceptible of the tenderest sensibilities, and alive to the keenest emotions, and would add another to the numerous obligations I am already under to the best of friends, and would increase my gratitude, which is now, and ever will continue inexpressible. My dear friend, I hope I have not now displeased you by expressing my childish fears lest I had formerly done so. I am aware they may be entirely needless; but as I feel some anxiety on that account, and more still lest you should be in affliction, I could not resist the inclination, though I am very feeble, of writing, in the hope of learn-

ing from yourself that you are still in the enjoyment of health and prosperity, and that all my fears are altogether groundless. But I am confident, even if I should have unintentionally offended you, or if you should be in affliction, your true benevolence and Christian charity will induce you still to pray for so distressed and helpless a sufferer and sinner as your poor friend,

C. TAGGART.

LETTER II.

To Mrs. A. R. Medbury, who had been a sufferer by sickness more than twenty years.

April 1st, 1835.

DEAR AND VENERATED FRIEND,

With mingled pleasure and gratitude I perused your second interesting and very welcome letter. It is a favor most dear to my heart to be remembered, instructed, and consoled by the aged and experienced Christian, especially those who have passed through a series of long continued and trying afflictions; but have still, notwithstanding the severity of their numerous and protracted distresses, maintained firm and unshaken

confidence in God, an habitual sense of his infinite goodness and compassion, and a calm and placid resignation to his righteous will. To be made the recipient of epistles emanating from the heart of one who has been thus refined and purified in the furnace of affliction, are favors for which I can never express nor feel sufficient gratitude. But I am sensible it should be my chief concern to endeavor to profit by the favors I receive, and to exert my utmost efforts to follow and imitate the examples of those whom I so much esteem and admire; those who, through faith and patience, are prepared to inherit the promises. O that it may be thus! O, my dear Madam, in your fervent aspirations for grace, will you not remember your poor afflicted friend, who is weary and heavy laden, and ineffectually panting after rest? I doubt not but you do remember me in your intercession with the compassionate Redeemer; and it is a source of much consolation, especially as we find in the words of truth, that the effectual fervent prayers of the righteous avail much. My dear and worthy friend, I truly and deeply sympathize with you in the severe affliction you have sustained in the loss of an interesting and lovely niece, of whom you so feelingly and yet resignedly speak. You must, indeed, have felt strongly attached to one so young

and yet so worthy, and must have felt most keenly in your debilitated and suffering state, the separation from so kind and gentle a companion. But your calm and ever thankful resignation of her into the hands of her Creator and Redeemer, redounds to the praise of the grace of God through Jesus Christ. O how wonderful is the power of religion, thus to turn the severest afflictions into the choicest blessings, and the deepest sorrows into peace, even the peace that passeth understanding! You also mention, with much affection and gratitude, the worthy friends of a superior station, who have kindly visited you in your affliction, and sympathized in your distresses; and by whom you have been refreshed and strengthened, by beholding them thus following the example of their Lord and Saviour. My own dear family also have similar favors to acknowledge, and I hope and trust, with somewhat similar feelings. We have often felt astonishment and thankfulness at finding many in the higher classes of society so apparently free from pride, and so truly and disinterestedly benevolent; and our hearts often overflow with love and gratitude to those excellent and highly valued friends who have frequently visited our humble dwelling, and poured the precious balm of Christian love and sympathy

into our almost bleeding hearts, among whom, one of the most valued and beloved, is your dear friend Miss G—, to whom be pleased to present my most affectionate and respectful regards. I never saw any other person who could so readily comprehend, and so deeply sympathize in the afflictions of others, or so soothingly administer spiritual consolation. O what so inexpressibly precious as pure and holy affection and tender sympathy! and how admirably adapted to ameliorate and refine the human heart: and, I cannot but think, how much more effectual to mitigate the afflictions, and soothe the sorrows of life, than the most argumentative and didactic discourse ever uttered. I sensibly feel, my dear Madam, the kindness of your compassionate wish, that the state of my frail and decaying system were no worse than your own. Perhaps it is not, yet it is in a state exceedingly painful and trying; but, though I suffer greatly, and, I think, *inconceivably*, from the absence of sleep, and from *actual* and *acute* pain, yet, I am generally calm and composed in conversation, which leads many of my friends to suppose my sufferings *much less* than they *really are*. But I think it not right, however greatly distressed, to be worrying and peevish, when it is *possible* to be calm and placid; and even if it was not wrong, those that suffer

constantly and severely are under the necessity of being as composed and quiet as possible, in order to preserve the little strength that remains to them, otherwise they could not possibly endure the incessant fatigue and exhaustion occasioned by protracted and irremediable suffering. But, as 'every heart knoweth its own bitterness,' so the distresses of the body are never *fully known* to any earthly being, save the individual who endures them. But, as Miss G— has often feelingly said, 'it is a consolation to know that our Maker knoweth our frame, and that the innumerable and excruciating distresses that weary and agonize the spirit, though invisible to our fellow creatures, are all intimately known to Him, and that He compassionateth our state, remembering that we are but *dust*,' and though we may often receive much tenderness and compassion from the disciples of the merciful Redeemer, to Him only we must look for *that* which is *abiding* and unchangeable. My dear and worthy friend, that your sufferings may be lessened, and your consolations increased, and that you may have, as undoubtedly you will in due time, an abundant entrance administered unto you into the joy of your Lord, is the fervent desire of your sincerely affectionate friend,

CYNTHIA TAGGART.

LETTER III.

To a Lady.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

How shall I thank you for all the unequalled and unmerited kindness you have beneficently shown a poor and lonely sufferer! O that I could make you some return! But that is impossible! But my heart will ever glow with the sincerest gratitude for all the numerous favors you have so kindly and disinterestedly conferred on one who had no claim on your kindness, and in whom there is nothing to recommend to your notice but misery and helplessness. Surely it must be the love of Christ that constrains you to feel an affectionate interest in such a one; and I ardently desire and fully trust, that He who has promised so liberally to reward those that succour and relieve the afflicted, will abundantly reward and bless you for all those Christian kindnesses and labors of love; and may you receive grace for grace, and be filled with all holy consolation, with joy unspeakable and full of glory. It is impossible to express the deep affection, the little intercourse I have had with you has awakened in my heart. Your consoling letters, so

fraught with encouragement and instruction, and the purest sympathy, will ever be cherished by me as a most valued treasure; and your subsequent kindness in the unwearied interest you have taken in gaining subscribers, and in many other respects relative to the publication of my little poems, demand my warmest gratitude, and can never be forgotten. My dear friend, may I not hope my heartfelt thanks for all these unmerited favors may be acceptable to you, however inadequate they are to the occasion, and I beg you will believe that I feel abundantly more than I can express. You have not only conferred your precious friendship on a secluded victim of sorrow, but you have gained her many most excellent and invaluable friends, whom, though she may never see, her heart will ever thank and revere. In the reply to the first letter I received from you, I promised to give a particular account of the nature and effects of my peculiar afflictions; but whenever, through the winter, I have had strength to write, I have been engaged in some little matter that was indispensable at the time; and now the warmer season has returned, I think I shall not be able, as I am still weaker, and it causes a much more painful effort to write or exercise deliberate thought. But if I were able, though I think the relation could

not now interest you, I would feel no reluctance in describing both my physical and mental suffering to one who is so benevolent and generous, and so richly possessed of that holy charity that thinketh no evil. My mother and eldest sister, Elizabeth, request you to accept their best wishes and cordial thanks. They remember you with great esteem and affection. And, my dear friend, may I not request you, through the influence of divine charity, to let us have an interest in your prayers.

With great esteem and grateful affection,

C. TAGGART.

LETTER IV.

To the same.

April 14th, 1835.

MY DEAR MISS——

Your very interesting and welcome letter was handed me by Mr. Gammell, who kindly called on us, and refreshed us, during his short stay, with refined and Christian conversation. The feelings of grateful affection with which I perused your most truly affectionate and sympathizing epistle, and the solace

it conferred, I can find no language to express. Your former kind letter, accompanied by a packet from an unknown friend, I also received in safety, from each of which I derived much consolation and refreshment. Such expressions of tender sympathy and affection, though inadequate to remove affliction, are indeed precious, particularly those contained in your last communication, coming as they do from one who so fully comprehends the nature and tendency of severe and protracted affliction, and who is so intimately conversant with the volume of divine truth, and draws from thence such soothing considerations, so fraught with large and ample consolation and encouragement, and so admirably adapted to sustain the sufferer, *even* in the *furnace* of affliction, are favors more dear to my heart than all which the unsanctified world could bestow. I do, indeed, my dear friend, esteem it among the choicest blessings with which I am favored, that the compassionate Redeemer has conferred on me the friendship and sympathy of some of His most truly devoted people, those who most closely and unweariedly follow His holy and beneficent example; and among the most valued and beloved of those highly esteemed Christian friends, permit me, my dear Ma-
dam, to name the honoured friend to whom

I am writing. O that my gratitude were commensurate with my blessings, both to their divine Author and to those benevolent individuals *by* whom they are received. I have *indeed* great cause for gratitude. Your ever precious and thrice welcome epistles never fail to console, instruct, and sustain my wayward and desponding soul, and however weary and heavy laden, and bowed down beneath a weight of accumulated affliction, those precious communications invariably lighten the load of sorrow, and revive my drooping spirits, and even infuse a tranquillity and peace into my previously overwearied and sinking heart, that the world can neither give nor take away. O how much, how inconceivably much, may a kind, intelligent, and sympathizing friend do to alleviate the distresses and sustain the spirit of the sufferer in the midst of the most excruciating and protracted afflictions, by a free and unreserved participation in their sorrows. Several interesting considerations, in reference to the afflictions of this life, on which you so ably and instructively remark, seem worthy of much more attention than they generally receive. That this is the only scene in which human beings can alleviate the sorrows and administer consolation to the afflicted, seems calculated to

awaken the dormant sensibilities of every Christian, and to excite in them a fervent desire of doing all the good in their day and generation, which it is possible to perform in so limited a period; and as the gracious Redeemer not only deigns to accept all such kindnesses as are shown to others in His name as done unto Himself, but has promised munificently to reward those who have shown the smallest kindness even to the least of His suffering people, one would suppose such considerations peculiarly adapted to awaken in every breast a deep and abiding interest in the sufferings of others, and an ardent and unwearied desire of contributing to the alleviation of their distresses; and when they are irremediable, to pour the healing balm of sympathy into the wounded heart of those who are hourly struggling to endure with calmness a weight of inconceivable and never ceasing distresses, and to say, in sincerity of soul, 'Not my will, O Lord, but thine be done,' Yet, how little assistance many times do the afflicted receive from those around them in the endurance of their sufferings! Do you not think that the precepts and injunctions of the divine Redeemer, in reference to soothing and sustaining the afflicted, are sometimes strangely forgotten *even* by those who profess to be His followers? Many

persons seem to suppose that it is *always* imaginary sufferings *only* to which they are called to yield their attention, and in which they are desired to participate, and that any *degree* of *kindness* would infallibly augment rather than alleviate them. But I cannot find any such caution suggested in the scripture ; but we find in those sacred records abundant evidence, that this mortal life abounds with a great variety of *real* and *deplorable* sufferings. We learn from thence that mankind 'are *born* unto trouble,' and that 'great is the misery of man ;' that 'his flesh upon him shall have *pain*, and his *soul* within him *shall mourn* ;' and the numerous injunctions there given to comfort the afflicted, to relieve the distressed, sustain the helpless, and succour the poor and needy ; to remember those who are in bonds, as being bound with them, and to bear one another's burdens, and so *fulfil the law of Christ* ; and, above all, the example of the great Redeemer, who invariably evinced the tenderest compassion towards every sufferer, and the utmost readiness to relieve every species of distress, seem conclusive that this *over* cautious spirit is not derived from the holy oracles, but apparently from a worldly principle of sordid selfishness, entirely opposite to those inculcated by the benevolent Redeemer. Un-

doubtedly there are sufferings occasioned by diseases which chiefly affect the imagination, though it is *fully* evident that all are not such; but even these ought not, I should suppose, to be excluded from sympathy and tenderness. I have known several persons, in such a state, to be driven almost, one of them quite, to *desperation* by the harshness with which they were treated by their nominal friends and nearest relations.

But I had actually forgotten that I was writing a letter, and to one of the best and kindest of friends. But you will pardon the digressions dictated by the feelings of a sufferer, even though they may be both erroneous and ill-timed.

I will now leave this subject, which occasions regret, and return, for a moment, to one which inspires gratitude. The 'packet' which I noticed in the commencement of this letter, contained two letters; one from Miss G——, of Newburyport, a sick lady, who has suffered long and greatly; the other from Miss P——, of Brookline, Massachusetts, both very excellent and interesting epistles, evincive of much Christian sympathy and affection. I could scarcely realize that such productions, so fraught with kindness, were from the hands of entire strangers. The first mentioned lady sent me a little

pincushion, in the form of a book, which she had executed upon her bed of suffering, and a ring from off her own finger, as mementos of affection, and as *such*, I highly *value* them. O how precious, how inexpressibly precious, enlarged, and exalted, is the principle of pure and holy love! how far surpassing any mere natural affection. In this sacred principle, though lowly and unworthy, I doubt not but I am embraced, my dear friend, by you, and by many others,* to whom, without this holy affection, I should be an object of total indifference, if not of aversion. O how inestimable are the privileges of the least and lowest of those who are the partakers and subjects of this heavenly affection! I need not request you, my dear friend, to remember me, or to write to us, whenever it is convenient. I doubt not but you will favor me with your valuable epistles, which, whether I can answer them or not, will ever be more welcome than language can express. Please, my dear Madam, to accept, for yourself and family, the affectionate regards of my mother and sister, and of your ever attached,

C. TAGGART.

P.S. I regret that I have no verses worth your perusal, but such as I have I will en-

* See Schiller's beautiful poem addressed to Freude, (Joy). R.

close. I have felt so far from writing of late, that I had almost forgotten that I had ever written any.*

LETTER V.

To the Rev. James C. Richmond.

The following letter, like the rest, is printed exactly as written, with a very few changes in orthography.—R.

May 23d, 1835.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

Your kind letter of May the 5th, was not received till on the evening of the 10th, when, as you will perceive, it was too late for my sister to reply to your inquiries, as a letter could not have possibly been forwarded to you in the short interval that elapsed between our reception of yours and your departure from Providence—and to have written after your arrival in New York was unnecessary. I have continued very ill, much as when you were here, till within a few days—am now a little recovered, though it is in an extremity of pain I am now writing, and am so op-

* The lines on the Little Flower, those to the Spirit of her Father, a Hymn, and Psalm, accompanied this letter.

pressed with a faint sickness that every two or three minutes my strength, thought, and sight, entirely fail me, so that I am under the necessity of lying perfectly motionless and silent for a considerable time, in order to revive sufficiently to proceed with my task. I should not have written thus particularly of my health, but that you may perceive that it is not from want of a grateful sense of your kindness, nor from reluctance, that I have not complied with your request, in giving you an exact and minute account of my religious feelings from their commencement to the present time, but that my distressed and very weak state, both of body and mind, render it, at present, wholly impracticable; and besides, many of the exercises of my heart are such, that it is very difficult to define them; and many of my early religious impressions and feelings are partially forgotten; but I have still a clear recollection of the emotions awakened, and the opinions I formed, on my first attentive perusal of the Prayer Book. I was then about twenty-one years of age—I had previously heard, (not from my parents,) many things calculated to prejudice the mind against the Episcopal Church—most that I had heard was from the only member of that Church I had ever seen—he informed my father, with apparent integrity, that it was

the general and prevailing custom among the members of the religious community to which he belonged, to frequent balls and theatres, and all places of public amusement to which the gay and accomplished votaries of pleasure resorted; and that even their most devout, and their pastors, considered it no sin, nor the least deviation from duty. My father, though not then a Christian, was much surprised at his relation. He thought such a practice evidently opposite to the holy and self-denying example of Christ and his apostles, and at variance with the principle and spirit of the gospel, and a direct violation of its sacred injunctions. Of course, after hearing such a statement from an Episcopalian, I could not expect, on taking up the Prayer Book for the first time, to find in its pages the pure and undefiled religion of the Bible. I was, therefore, greatly surprised on perusing it, to find its doctrines and precepts wholly evangelical—that it contained much of the holy word of God—and the purest, most scriptural, and deeply impressive forms of devotion I had ever read or witnessed. I particularly admired the clear and comprehensive manner in which the most important doctrines of the Bible are set forth in the Articles, and many other parts of the book—the doctrines of the three equal persons in

the adorable Trinity—the depravity and utter helplessness of man—his state of condemnation and exposure to the wrath of God—his absolute need of an Almighty Saviour, and of an entire change of heart wrought by the effectual operation of his Holy Spirit, in order ever to be raised from degradation and wretchedness to a state of reconciliation with God, and of eternal blessedness—were, I found, so constantly and clearly brought forward and inculcated, that it seemed impossible they should be misapprehended or confounded, or but what any sincere inquirer after truth must derive spiritual benefit and more scriptural views from an attentive perusal of them. The various prayers, thanksgivings, and praises, seemed peculiarly adapted to show mankind their own character—to convince them of their lowliness and vileness in the sight of an infinitely holy God—of their entire dependence on Him for every good, both temporal and spiritual, and of their especial need of the inspiration of his Holy Spirit, in order to serve Him acceptably and profitably to themselves. The service for the burial of the dead, and the communion service, I thought surpassed anything that could have been composed by man, or selected from the scriptures for those solemn and deeply interesting occasions. Of the service for infant

baptism, as my judgment was then immature, I formed no decided opinion; but my views of the general influence, beauty, and utility of the Prayer Book, which were then formed, I have *ever* continued to entertain; and of the small part on which I was then undecided, I presume not now to express my opinion. Yet I think, as I have ever thought, since I became interested on religious subjects, that it is highly important, and a positive duty, that children should be religiously instructed as early as practicable, and trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. But it seems hardly probable that these duties, in all cases would be conscientiously performed, unless they were required and inculcated by the Church. My judgment of the different modes of baptism was derived entirely from an attentive perusal of the Bible, from which I was led to conclude that immersion was chiefly practised by the apostles and their followers. I never read any work in favor of this mode of baptism, nor ever heard my father, or any one else, converse *particularly* on the subject. I have heard it incidentally mentioned, but no more. All that my father ever endeavored to impress on the minds of his children and family, was the importance and necessity of a studious and prayerful attention to the Holy Scriptures, and of

earnestly seeking an interest in Christ, in the way that God had there appointed. His example, in being himself baptized by immersion, was all that could, in any degree, have influenced my judgment. I have read several treatises in vindication of other modes of baptism, in which the writers endeavor to prove, by the original languages of the Scriptures, that affusion or sprinkling was the prevailing practice in the apostolic and early ages; still there is no material change in my opinion: if the general correctness of the received translation of the Bible can be depended on, I still think immersion the primitive practice. But as it is the opinion of many excellent persons that the *mode* is not *essential*, I can readily, *in this* respect, submit my judgment to theirs; more especially as sickness, and other causes, may render one mode impracticable, other modes would seem allowable. From the period when I first became acquainted with the value and excellence of the services and institutions of the Episcopal Church, I have thought much on the tendency of those solemn forms of worship, to awaken in the mind of the Christian a devotional spirit, to humble the natural pride of the heart, and to purify and elevate the affections, and fix them devoutly on God. They seemed, also, more calculated to suitably

and religiously affect the mind of the unregenerate, than those devotional services which are uttered exclusively by the minister. They possessed, in my view, peculiar appropriateness and adaptation to the nature and necessities of man, and to the dignity, holiness, and condescending mercy of his Creator and Redeemer, and admirably suited to solemnize the mind, and deeply impress it with a sense of the immediate presence of a holy and heart-searching God, and of the pure and spiritual worship due to his infinite perfections; and through the grace of the Redeemer, to increase that faith which works by love, and purifies the heart, and overcomes the world. And, at that time, I felt a desire of attending the services, and enjoying the privileges of that excellent Church of Christ, for which I have ever continued to feel a degree of preference, though I was then, and for many subsequent years, wholly unacquainted with any of its members, with the exception of the individual before alluded to. Yet I *felt*, and still increasingly *feel*, an *ardent* affection for the Baptists with whom I have associated, on whose preaching I have attended, and by whose prayers and Christian counsel and conversation I have been enlightened and consoled, and highly esteem and reverence them as a Christian community.

I have long since felt convinced, that if I enjoyed a firm and abiding persuasion that I were a real member of Christ's spiritual body, I should feel no hesitation, but could, with pleasure and with profit, become a member of either of the three churches, with whose doctrines and practice I have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted—the Episcopal, Baptist, and Presbyterian: the belief of these churches on the most important doctrines of the Bible, and all that is essential to salvation, is, I believe, generally considered the same; and those points on which they differ, seem, from the conclusions I have drawn from scripture, comparatively unimportant, and such as may, allowably, be left to the different judgments of men, who conscientiously desire to obey their Lord and Saviour in all things. And if they were *thus left*, without acrimonious disputes and uncharitable controversies, could not much more good be done, and much more in the spirit of the gospel, and far less occasion given to the enemies of the Lord, to pour reproach on the religion of Christ, if Christians generally and unitedly directed their efforts to convince mankind of their sin and danger while in a state of alienation from God, and of their need of seeking an immediate reconciliation through the atoning blood of the

all-gracious and all-sufficient Redeemer, by whom *alone* they can escape everlasting destruction, and be made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. I have often felt deeply pained on hearing or reading harsh and reproachful expressions from one denomination of Christians against another, and have wondered much that those who are redeemed by the same precious Saviour, should evince no more love for each other, and no more concern for those who are in a state of unbelief and enmity to God, and consequent danger of eternal misery. Cowper says, speaking of mankind in general, ‘that brethren in calamity should love;’ how much more, it would be thought, should brethren in Christ, who are all partakers of the divine nature, renovated by the same grace, and members of the same spiritual kingdom and all anticipating the joys of eternal blessedness—how much more it would, *naturally*, be thought, should such love each other with a pure heart, *fervently*; that they would be pitiful, tender-hearted, *forbearing* one another, and forgiving one another in love, even as God for Christ’s sake had forgiven them. Undoubtedly many Christians are actuated by this holy and fervent affection; but it seems not so generally prevalent, as the sacred volume, from whence all derive their hopes and happiness, commands and inculcates.

But I was not aware, until the present moment, that I am exceeding your wishes. You desired an account of my early religious feelings, while, though I have not been able minutely to give it, I have been venturing to express my feelings at random. Yet I know that I need not apologize to so kind a friend. But I must *earnestly request* you, as a friend, not to make what I have written in any *degree public*, unless you will *first* have the kindness to amend or expunge whatever is amiss, as it is impossible in my very suffering state, to collect my thoughts and confine them to one subject, or to arrange my expressions in a clear and intelligible manner. I am, indeed, extremely weak, and while writing, have *daily** felt exhaustion, even to faintness. I know not exactly, for what purpose you wished this written, but confide it to your care, with the *again repeated request*, that you will *erase or correct all* that is inconsistent or *unsuitable* before you make any exhibition of it whatever, if such should be your intention; which favor will be *ever gratefully acknowledged* by me.

It is very uncertain whether I can come to a conclusion to embrace the ordinances of religion. My *unfitness* is the *great obstacle*,

* It will be perceived, by comparing the dates, that this letter was written in the course of *thirteen days*, a circumstance which requires no comment.

which no human friend, however interested in my welfare can remove. Yet I know there is *One* who *can* remove it, but as I do not enjoy the comfort of a clear apprehension of Christ, I fear it would be presumptuous to become a member of his Church. I know not at present how to decide. I desire to be directed by that Spirit which will guide me into all truth. Dear Sir, will you do me the kindness to continue your prayers in my behalf, that I may yet have peace and joy in believing.

Dear and honored Sir,

Your deeply indebted friend,

C. TAGGART.

June 5th.

LETTER VI.

To a Lady.

MY DEAR, BELOVED FRIEND,

It is impossible for me to give you an idea of the gratification and comfort the perusal of your interesting and excellent writings has afforded me. I have read them till my eyes are sightless, and am obliged to desist through utter inability to discern a syllable; but I wish to retain them, if it meets your appro-

bation, till I can have an opportunity of reading them again and again; they have afforded me so much consolation, and are so soothing to my feelings—particularly your remarks on the afflictions of Job, and the unhappy addition to his distresses, caused by the arguing of his friends from perverted principles of judgment, and applying to his case what was entirely inappropriate; and also the precious consolation and benefit afforded the afflicted by a truly sympathizing and benevolent friend; one whose soul is filled with a portion of that holy charity that glows in the breast of the Saviour, and who can, without incredulity, enter deeply into the feelings of others, and in the fulness of Christian sympathy and compassion, participate in their sorrows, and pour the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit of the sufferer. These remarks are indeed refreshing to my spirit—they are just what I have always wished to find when reading works adapted to the state of the afflicted, and are so peculiarly applicable to my case and feelings, that they could not have been more so. I feel it a great privilege and blessing, that I have been permitted to see them; and I beg you would accept my heartfelt thanks, both for these and the sweet solace and support I have derived from your two last precious visits. I know

it will be gratifying to your benevolent and sympathizing mind, to know you have afforded comfort and happiness to a tried and weary sufferer.

I deeply regret that I cannot have one more opportunity of seeing you before your departure from our island; but I wish to be thankful for what I have already enjoyed. I am of such a singular make, or it may be in some measure owing to debility, that I cannot enjoy much in conversation, nor be intelligible to others, unless I am alone with one person; then I feel free and familiar, and enjoy conversation greatly. But if only two or three, even our best friends, are present, my thoughts and feelings seem suspended, and I am incapacitated for any enjoyment. Always, from my earliest childhood, I derived much more pleasure from being in company with only one person; but since I have been so greatly debilitated, it seems essential not only to my comfort, but to my being able to make myself understood. But, indeed, this is too trifling a matter to write upon, but I know you will have the kindness to excuse it. The last morning you visited us I deferred bidding you good-bye till I had bade good-morning to Mrs. Cutler and Miss Julia, as I perceived they wished to go immediately down, and with the hope that I

might enjoy your company a few moments longer, while they were speaking with the rest of the family; but as my expectations were disappointed, I lost the opportunity of informing you what a comfort your conversation and letters have been to me, and what a deep sense I have of your kindness; not only your precious sympathy, but the benevolent interest you have taken in promoting the publication of the little Poems. But I beg you would now accept my acknowledgments for all these favors, and believe that it is utterly impossible for me to express half the affection and esteem I feel for you, or half my gratitude to one of the best of earthly friends. May you ever enjoy a holy peace in your soul and ease in your body, and at last have an abundant entrance administered unto you to the heavenly kingdom. Remember your
 oyless but greatly obliged friend,

CYNTHIA TAGGART.

My mother and sister's love to you. Please to remember me with respectful regard to your worthy family, and to the lady from whom I received a letter of consolation enclosed in one from you. If it would not be asking too great a favor, I would request you to write to me whenever it is convenient.

The preceding was written with the hope of its reaching you while you continued in our neighbourhood, as the last time I saw you, owing to the shortness of the time, and the confusion of my mind, I could not say much that I wished—and there is still much that I wish to say; though I have great reason to fear you will be weary of perusing it; but I hope and believe you will kindly excuse the inconsistent and singular expressions of a mind ever wearied and oppressed with its tortured and agonized body.

The excellent and truly pious family to whom we are indebted for our introduction to yourself and many other excellent friends, from whom we have received abundant kindness, still continue to visit us, notwithstanding it must be, we think, an unpleasant task, owing to our being entirely illiterate and uncultivated; but they are filled with holy charity and compassion—with the spirit of Him who went about doing good. It is truly astonishing to us, and ever will continue to be so, that such a superior family, endued with every excellence, and blest with every earthly blessing, should, notwithstanding the great contrast in our stations, and when entire strangers to us, condescend to visit us from the time they first heard of us, and participate and sympathize in our afflictions, and soothe our

distresses, and continue to afford us every relief, both temporal and spiritual that the most exalted and highly favored human beings can bestow. Surely while we retain the sentiments and feelings of rational beings, we can never cease to feel the most heartfelt and overflowing gratitude for such abundant and unmerited kindness; and it is not in the power of language to express the great esteem and ardent affection that we feel for those devoted and self-denying followers of a crucified Saviour. O may they all, with you, my dear, precious friend, receive His choicest blessings both now and evermore.

C. T.

“ I am far from forgetting, neither shall I ever forget, the great obligations we are under to the worthy and benevolent Mr. D.*

LETTER VII.

To a Lady.

MY DEAR MISS —

You cannot conceive how anxious I feel that your valuable, I would say if you would permit me, invaluable “ Tract,” might be

* Mr. Thomas Wilson Dorr, editor of the first edition of Miss Taggart's Poems.

published. I think it would do great good in the world. I believe there are very few persons that consider how important and essential it is to have an intimate knowledge of the case of the afflicted, and to enter deeply into their feelings, in order to console and strengthen the tried and wearied spirit. I think many Christians offer consolation and exhortation at random, and apply observations and remarks to the case of the sufferer that are so inappropriate they cannot fail of wounding the feelings deeply. I have reason to conclude, from my own experience, that many excellent Christians visit the afflicted with a sincere desire to alleviate their sufferings, but owing to having no apprehension of their peculiar case, or at least a very superficial one, they not only fail of alleviating, but greatly increase their sufferings, and perhaps cause the objects of their kindest solicitude, a sleepless and agonizing night; and sometimes so deeply wound the feelings, as to fill the soul with almost insupportable anguish; and this increase of unhappiness is caused by Christian friends who ardently desire to relieve, and think, and are confident that they have said what was best and most calculated to afford it; and if they find they have failed to relieve, they either attribute it to the perversity of

the sufferer, or to a causeless depression of spirits, when it is neither, but solely because they do not comprehend the peculiar state of the individual with whom they have conversed; and as they do not apprehend, so neither can they feel a sympathizing participation in the sufferings they would fain relieve. I think your excellent treatise on the importance of Christian sympathy, would be instructive and beneficial to all, and increase the usefulness of the best of Christians, as you clearly show in the case of Job and his friends, that an intimate knowledge of the peculiar state of the afflicted, as intimate "as finite natures are capable of," is essential, in order to do much good, and to appropriately apply the precious balm afforded in the gospel to the weary, wounded soul. I do most anxiously hope it will be published, solely that it may do good. O how I long to see you! There is nothing but what I would willingly, gladly suffer, if I might have the privilege of seeing and hearing you converse two or three hours. I never met with any person that could enter so deeply into my feelings, or with whom I could converse so freely, though many excellent and sympathizing Christians have condescended to converse with me with the utmost kindness, and manifested a heartfelt and consoling interest in

my afflictions, to whom I feel under unspeakable obligations, and love and reverence with all my heart ; but you have been afflicted in a peculiar manner, and know how, with an unusual and sweet appropriateness, to speak a word to those that are weary. O may you continue, through the blessing of the Lord, still to relieve and comfort His afflicted people. It is impossible for language to express the sweet relief and solace you have afforded my tried and wearied mind. O may you ever receive the abundant blessings promised to those that succour and console the afflicted and distressed ! C. TAGGART.

The following poems, like those " On the Little Flower," " To the Spirit of my departed Father," &c., were written after the second edition of her Poems was published. See note, page 65.

PSALM CXXXVII.

By the rivers of Babylon silent we mourned,
As the cool shades of evening in calmness returned ;
But our thoughts lost in grief, no sweet relief find,
No ease for the captive, no balm for the mind.

O bitter the tear drops that silently fell,
As we thought of loved Zion and sighed sad farewell !
And bursting the sigh from our bosom arose,
As the wild heaving billow tempestuously flows.

Our harps, once our joy on our festival days,
 No more shall resound with the sweet warbled lays ;
 In this land of the stranger for ever unstrung,
 Neglected as now, on the dark willows hung.

While we thought of our country, by tyrants possest,
 And wept for our monarch in bondage unblest,
 Then our victors triumphant derided our pains,
 Saying, " Sing us your Zion's mellifluous strains."

No, never the captive shall sing the pure song
 Of the Lord, while degraded the heathen among ;
 No, silent for ever my voice shall remain,
 And my heart never vibrate with sweet sounds again.

If e'er her loved song from my harp should be poured,
 May the hand cease to move that awakens the chord ;
 And my tongue in mute silence remorse ever keep,
 If I sing while the loved of Jerusalem weep.

Remember, O Lord, the derision and scorn,
 That thy children in silence and anguish have borne ;
 When our enemies, shouting, rejoiced in our wo,
 When they saw thy loved city deserted and low.

Oh ! daughter of Babylon, wasted with grief
 Thou too soon shalt be, and shalt find no relief ;
 Thy children shall perish by vengeance in store,
 And thy fame and thy glory avail thee no more.

HYMN.

Almighty God ! enthroned on high,
 Creator, Sovereign, Lord,
 Look on a soul condemned to die,
 Save from thy righteous sword.

Thy holy precepts, just and kind,
 This soul can ne'er fulfil,
 For sin has veiled my darkened mind,
 And captive led my will.

My soul was guilty, ruined, lost,
 When first I drew my breath,
 And far from God through life hath past
 Near to the gates of death.

But hast thou not, for ruined souls,
 Proclaimed thy sovereign love,
 And sent thy co-eternal Son,
 Down from the realms above ?

His holy soul thy precepts loved,
 And magnified thy law,
 The curse sustained, from man removed,
 Thy justice asks no more.

O then let mercy melt my heart,
 Create anew my soul,
 A taste of love divine impart,
 And all my powers control.

Then will this ransomed spirit give
 Eternal thanks to thee,
 And glory to that sovereign love,
 That bare the curse for me.

MISSIONARY HYMN.*

Blessed heralds of salvation,
 Jesus' mandate now fulfil ;
 Visit every distant nation,
 And proclaim His gracious will :

* Written after a verbal account, by Mr. R., of the departure for China of the Rev. Peter Parker, M. D.

To the sterile polar regions,
 To the tropic islands haste ;
 Till the Rose of Sharon blossom
 In each wild, uncultured waste.

Haste, and bear Immanuel's story
 Where the Pagan idols stand,
 Till the radiance of His glory
 Shall illume each heathen land,

Till each erring soul benighted,
 Shall the Saviour seek in prayer,
 And a holy hope be lighted
 That shall reign for ever there.

Where the raging passions torment,
 And where human blood is spilt,
 There proclaim the great atonement*
 That shall cancel human guilt :

Let His Word of Life be given,
 And His dying love proclaim,
 Till the savage heart be riven,
 And adore the Saviour's name.

Bear the news of grace and pardon
 O'er each sea to every strand,
 Till you cross the sea of Jordan,
 And behold the promised land :

Then at Christ's right hand ascended,
 Where celestial joys abound,
 Toil and every trial ended,
 Be with life eternal crowned.

* It is well that an occasional false rhyme as here, or the insertion of an adverb between the preposition *to* and the *verb*, as in line 16th of page 82, and at the foot of page 70, must convince all scholars that this wonderful sufferer has been chiefly self-taught.

The two brothers mentioned at the beginning of this sketch, left Seconet, as the native Indians called Little Compton, R. I. on a beautiful morning in August, 1841, in order to proceed by land, over Howland's ferry bridge to the abode of the sufferer. They were accompanied by two ladies, who had become deeply interested in the circumstances of the family. The writer had made several visits to this abode of affliction, after the publication of the first edition, and marked the changes which years brought over these true pilgrims in a valley of tears. Believing that the sacraments of the Church of God were appointed for all men, and her physicians having declared that baptism, administered according to the rites of the sect in which she had grown up, would be fatal to life, she gladly consented to receive the same at the hands of the Rev. Mr. West, Rector of Zion Church, Newport, Rhode Island.

LETTER FROM THE REV. MR. WEST,
To Mr. Richmond.

New York, Oct. 16, 1841.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

In compliance with your request, I furnish

you with the following statement in relation to the baptism of Miss Cynthia Taggart.

Yours very truly,

J. WEST.

It has fallen to my lot to be the almoner of many kind friends of Miss Taggart, and often to gladden the hearts of a most distressed family by forwarding to them their generous contributions. This circumstance, together with the interest naturally awakened by my proximity to the scene of their sufferings, led to an intimacy which I endeavored to improve in promoting their spiritual welfare. Frequent conversations with Miss T. convinced me that, by the grace of God, she had been turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; and was a suitable subject for Christian Baptism. With this view of her spiritual condition, I presented the subject of her becoming a member of Christ's visible Church, to her serious and prayerful consideration; and urged a compliance with this commandment as a proof of her faith, and an act of obedience, as well as a means of her spiritual consolation and growth in grace. She acknowledged the duty, and desired to be deemed a proper subject of the sacrament. It is not necessary, were it consistent with a proper regard to the feelings of Miss T., to

enter into any further particulars than simply to state, that a careful and deliberate consideration of the qualifications of a candidate for baptism, and also of the objections against that rite as held by pædo-baptists, led her to the conviction of her duty as a believer in Jesus Christ. When her decision was made known to me, I selected an early opportunity to visit her for the purpose of administering the interesting ordinance. It afforded me great pleasure to have the presence of the Rev. Dr. Tyng, of Philadelphia, who was at the time visiting Newport, and who, at my request accompanied me.

Under the circumstances in which this hasty sketch is drawn up, called upon as I am, away from home, and without being allowed time to collect my thoughts, I could attempt no description of the occasion, were I disposed to do so. Suffice it to say, this afflicted child of God, surrounded by the pious members of her family, received us as the ambassadors of Christ, who had come in His name to admit her to the privileges of His spiritual household. *She was ready*; and the language of the Ethiopian nobleman might with propriety have been made her own; "What doth hinder me to be baptized?" The sacrament was administered under a feeling sense of God's

presence and blessing; the occasion was one never to be forgotten, and I would this sacrament were received by candidates generally, with as serious preparation, and as trembling an anxiety to do right before God. Subsequently, though not immediately, her faith was strengthened, and her hopes confirmed, and although her mind was afterwards thrown into an unhappy state of doubt, by the mistaken and unkind suggestions of her Baptist friends, unfavorable to the step she had taken, I believe I am authorized to say, that she has escaped that thralldom of prejudice, and now anticipates the pleasure of joining, by the rite of confirmation, in the full Communion of the Church.

The aged mother died in peace, in the spring of 1841. She lived two months only after her pension ceased. The writer took his little daughter to see these poor people, and will not soon forget the beaming welcome he received, nor the kiss, bestowed on the back of his little girl's head, "lest," said the poor old woman, "lest my cough should hurt her." She lies buried by the side of her husband.

Maria's reason has not returned; though she speaks more coherently, and sings some beautiful hymns. Cynthia still lies in the

same condition : her hair, now at the age of thirty-eight, is quite white, and her lower limbs drawn up close to her body, and shrunk almost to nothing. How long she is to remain thus, God only knows. Let us, while there is time, do good unto her, who has become of the household of faith ; and when they and we depart, may we be gathered unto our fathers in the communion of the Church of God ; and may God hasten the time when these afflicted ones, with all the forgotten and unconverted millions deceived by the False Prophet, or bowing down to stocks and stones shall cry,

“ Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us.”

Seconet, August 24th, 1841.

SOME ACCOUNT OF SARAH PURBECK.

While residing in Salem, in the year 1833, as assistant minister to the Rt. Rev. Alexander V. Griswold, the venerable Bishop of the Eastern Diocese, and now presiding Bishop, the writer was requested to visit Sarah Purbeck. He was told that the Rev. Rufus Babcock had called on her, and nearly fainted away at the sight.

Therefore, in the company of the lady of the Bishop, he entered a poor looking house in that street in Salem which presents a full view of St. Peter's Church. He remarked, on opening the door, a sound, like the regular beating of a loom. What was his astonishment, on ascending the staircase, to find that this noise proceeded from the regular beating of the head of a young woman against the wall of the house. I cannot give an idea of that awful sight which will never fade away from my memory, neither in this world, nor as I think in the next. I sat down in astonishment and kept silence, expecting every moment to see her die. For the space of twenty minutes I uttered not a word aloud, but said to myself, rather the words were forced into my mind:—"this daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo! these eighteen years!"

I looked at Mrs. G—, and rose to depart, with a heavy spirit, mourning for the misery of man. The sufferer then whispered to her aged mother, who was bent nearly double by watching, "Will not Mr. R. speak to me?" With great effort I forced myself to the head of the bed, and happened to place my fingers between the bedstead and the wall. Just then, the paroxysms, which occurred every two or three minutes, returned; her coun-

tenance was convulsed, her fingers and arms thrown forward, intensely stretched, as if the very cords of her frame would break, a species of *tic-doloureux*, if I may so express it, (for I know not how to convey in words, that agony I saw eight years ago,) seemed to seize her whole body, and with a violent and swift motion her head was thrown forward and bowed to the bed; and then as suddenly as if by some hidden and swift machinery, it was thrown back against the cushion fixed on the wall, (but which it does not always touch, sometimes striking the wall itself,) with such force as to pinch my fingers and give me pain. Sometimes she is thrown entirely from the bed by these inexpressibly terrible affections of her nerves. I tried to speak, and faltered out, "Sarah, I came to teach, I have remained to learn; and, since it must be so, and you must suffer, I do heartily thank God that I have seen you; for never again will I in this world complain of God's dispensations to me." Eight years have past, and brought their sorrows, but I have kept my promise, remembered her, and complained not.

O ye afflicted! wherever the English tongue is spoken, in the name of God, I charge you remember this sufferer, whose bodily anguish, (for so she assured me,) words are too feeble

to tell; and pray and wrestle with Heaven till you gain from the Merciful Father, not only a spirit of thanksgiving that your sorrows are so light, compared with hers, but also that only sure, unfailing, and eternal consolation which beamed in the peaceful, sweet smile of resignation, as she actually replied, in a whisper, to my question, "But can you by any possibility be resigned under this heavy dispensation?" "O yes," and then repeated the words of the stanza on the 14th page of this little book; and when I wrote out that stanza eight years ago, I had this very sufferer in my mind:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble *sense*,
But trust him for his *grace*;
Behind a *frowning providence*
He hides a *smiling face*."

I knelt by her bedside and prayed that she might be relieved from this awful and soul-harrowing agony; and O how fervently did I raise that supplication for this poor daughter of Adam! But if it were not God's will to answer that prayer directly, I prayed that if this "thorn in the flesh" could not be taken away, that a better answer and a better support might be given to her, as to St. Paul, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and that she might be, in her affliction, like the patriarch Job, to all who beheld her, a lesson;

that if she were excluded from serving God in action, she might do so by passion, or suffering, that she might remember,

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

And she was such. I visited her in the course of that year and always found her such. And she is such still. For, seven years after these events, in the summer of 1840, I stepped from the cars from Newburyport, (where with Miss M. D. I had just visited Allan——,* also a sufferer from eight years' sickness,) went to that street, stopped before that same poor looking house, without knocking, opened the door, and, O merciful God! I heard that awful beating loud as a loom, and regular as a clock; seven years! seven years!! of bodily torment. O mortal frame!

* When I told this young man that I was afraid when Cynthia Taggart's mother died, that they would suffer sore distress from the loss of the pension of 200 dollars; (the five years expired, and the pension ceased in March, and the old mother died in May of this year 1841;) "O," he replied, "they will be taken care of"—evidently with as much inward and undoubting certainty as a man would say, "the sun will set this evening." The prospect from his window was desolate enough: "Are you not weary of looking always on the same scene?" said Miss D—— "O no, for I've only been at *this* window two years, and soon I am to have my bed placed at the other window!" O ye murmurers, where are ye?

† The five years extended to 1841. Thus she lived just long enough to receive the whole of the pension.

thou art not dust, but iron ! and as I write this, October 16, 1841, she still suffers, unless the merciful God has removed and received her this week. But on the occasion of which I speak, silently and alone I ascended to her chamber, opened the shutter, and stood beside her bed. She had not seen me in seven years. " O brother are you come ? I heard that thee preached in town last Sabbath ; and I thought thou wouldst not come ; and I was sorry ; but I said, perhaps the Lord will send thee, and now thou art here."

" You have adopted the Friends' language since I saw you, Sally." " Yes," she replied, " I feel more liberty in doing so ; I hope there is no harm." " O no !" I answered, " it's a matter of indifference ; if you like brown bread best, eat it ; or white if you prefer." She then related the history of these long years. The most skilful physicians from Boston and elsewhere had tried all known means in vain ; her whole spine had been laid nearly bare by caustic applications at the expense of excruciating agony ; even animal magnetism had failed, the physician observing, as she told me, with a quiet smile, that hers " was an exempt case." Yet still she assured me that her inward happiness was inexpressible.

It was evident, indeed, that in the midst

of these terrible agonies, she was full of Peace that passeth understanding.

Ye mourners and afflicted ! Compare your sorrows with these facts, feebly, but truly stated, without a particle of *exaggeration*, in this little book, and then go your way and bless God for your comforts and your happiness ; and remember that “ Our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal *weight of glory.*”

Arreton, February 1st, 1849.

As it was impossible to procure the letter from my brother, the Rev. William Richmond, Rector of St. Michael's Church, Bloomingdale, New York City, which letter should have occupied this place, I must endeavour to recal the principal facts which he mentions in it. In 1843, before and after the consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Henshaw, as Bishop of Rhode Island, I was Rector of Christ Church, Providence. I had just succeeded, against much opposition, in bringing into union with the Rhode Island Diocesan Convention, that church, being the *first church, composed entirely of persons of the*

African race, which had been so received in the United States. The city was full of bishops and clergymen, who had assembled for the consecration of the first bishop that ever presided over the little diocese of Rhode Island alone; for Dr. Seabury, the first American bishop, had charge of Connecticut also, and the venerable Griswold, just deceased, was bishop in four States, which are now distinct dioceses with their four bishops. I had invited the Right Rev. Dr. Johns, of Virginia, to my father's house, and when I succeeded in getting my pulpit supplied, the good bishop supposed I left Providence and my honoured guest, on Saturday afternoon, to go on a fishing excursion, to the home of my fathers, Richmond Rock, in the place before mentioned, Seconet. When he heard of the blessings which sprang from that visit, he bade me "leave him always to go on similar enterprises." The facts are so remarkable, as detailed in my brother's letter, that I shall not hesitate to put some of them here as history, without regard to the circumstance that the writer was one of the actors. It is, or might be, by this time, well known that I have a most thorough contempt for that make-believe and cant modesty which thinks well enough of itself, and speaks the very opposite of that

which it thinks. But it will be pleasanter to the writer to speak of himself still, as the younger brother.

On arrival at the dear old place, which never belonged to any whites except Richmonds, a rare, if not unique circumstance, in New England; and where, for generations, the old fathers had been buried, he found the elder brother at the well known gate. After a visit to the old round table, and to all the familiar scenes of childhood, on announcing an intention to cross over to the island of Rhode Island, (for the whole State is not an island, as would appear by the name,) and preach, if possible, in some yet unknown place, the elder brother assented, but doubted whether a congregation could be gathered. The clergy in America are not obliged to preach in consecrated or licensed places only, and all the bishops, as Hobart for example, have often officiated in the Meeting-houses, and sometimes in barns. The writer believes himself to have been the first clergyman, in that region and in this generation, who, in the absence of a convenient place, officiated to hungry multitudes, in the open air, in 1843, under the shadow of the Catholic Oak. May its acorns be planted in many a wilderness, and become great trees; and under their shadow may multitudes of sheep, that

now wander without a shepherd, be gathered into One Fold. This also, as usual, was first opposed, and afterwards followed by others. But the bishop had always approved of the earnest endeavour.

A ferryman, Amasa Gray, whose name it is pleasant to record, was ready for us, when our father's tenant's excellent Quaker wife, Diana Austin, had carefully provided for the outward man. We sailed on the smooth arm of the sea, which you may look at in the engraving, and landed several miles above the cottage. "Do not hurt your eyes," said Amasa, "as you go up that glen." "Why?" "Because it is so beautiful." And Glen-Anna is beautiful indeed! "I will preach in this glen to day," cried the younger brother. "Whom will you have to hear you?" rejoined the other. "O, we'll soon give notice," replied the first; and stepping to the next lonely cottage, he said, "My name is R., I'm a native of Rhode Island: I'm a clergyman: I intend to preach here at five this afternoon. Will you tell the people in the next house, to tell the people in the next house, and so send on the message." "We will," was the willing answer.

The elder brother officiated at noon, for a very small congregation, in that same little "Union" of sects' building, where the cele-

brated and eloquent Dr. Channing, during his summer visits to Rhode Island, preached often in the latter part of his life.

Near this spot the writer has visited him in his retirement, and thence he sent out to the world those words which would have been immortal had he seen and embraced the true faith of Christendom. Yet he was esteemed great and good, his name by many is almost adored, and as he spoke out in life, against our Holy Belief, let the writer too record his convictions against the dangerous errors that ever dog the heels of schism. Peace to his ashes! and war to his errors!

An address to the children, was followed by a visit to the cottage of Cynthia Taggart. We found her in the same state of suffering, and the family in utter destitution. Two dollars, about nine shillings, were again left for two copies of her poems, and on our return, for it was several miles distant, the usual service was going on in the "Union Chapel;" the only Union Chapel, by the way, which I ever saw, that was not in ruins. The elder brother proposed to give one copy of Cynthia Taggart's poems to the "Union," and writing the date, handed it to a girl in the road, with directions to read, and deposit it in the library. Mark the results of that donation!

We now entered the long and narrow lane leading to the appointed glen. "Nobody is going; you'll have no congregation," said the eldest. "Look at your watch: it's ten minutes after five: they're all there," said the other; and on turning a corner, a congregation of several hundreds, more people than you would have thought that region contained, were seen neatly dressed, and assembled in decent order before the door of Mr. Clark, the "*Free-will Baptist leading man*." It is unnecessary here to explain the meaning of all the names of the legion of sects, unknown in England, which have sprung up in America, from the rending in pieces of the vesture of Christ, which was woven without seam. The English sects would be novelties with ours, and ours to the English. They are hardly the Church Universal, or Catholic, being confined to little nooks.

Before the door was a neat table, with a bible and hymn book upon it; and among that decent throng, sitting upon the walls, and on the mound or terrace before the door, was a "Sabbatarian" preacher, who, his Sunday having been Saturday, "took," as Mr. Clark said, "the heavy part of the singing." My brother's gown he had taken with him, and when it was on me, with the anti-popish

bands, the text was taken, and a sermon preached in intended and direct contradiction of their chief errors; for they had been mostly brought up as Ana-baptists, or Baptists, or Quakers, and the text was, "Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." The false notions in regard to the Holy Sacrament of baptism, as it is rejected altogether by the followers not of Christ, but of George F^{ox}, and the exclusion of infants from the kingdom of God, were exposed, and overthrown. The congregation retired. The two brothers went alone to the sea-side. The ferryman had been to his own place of worship at home, and was now returned, and sat in his boat awaiting us. We were soon again under the venerated roof of our old Puritan and Independent ancestors; for after John Richmond was baptized in 1597, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in Ashton Keynes, Wiltshire, all the family had been, during all those generations between, staunch old defenders of the "Congregational order," as soon as it sprung up first, in or about Cromwell's time, out of the bosom of the other sect which left the Church. However, old Edward Richmond, who was buried there in 1696, and the rest of the sturdy old Puritans never rose up out of their graves, to see with

wonder, the gown and bands of the Church of England go by upon their posterity.

But during the service there were only three, out of three hundred, who responded, and two of those were strangers. There was one old churchwoman, and only one, who, to use her own expression, was "among them as a speckled bird," like a lone sparrow upon the housetops. The sister-in-law of Dr. Channing, however, had long been a communicant in the church, and had resolved, at her decease, to leave funds to erect and endow a church. In what terms shall we render thanks to God, that this visit, as this benevolent lady has stated to others, for she yet remains personally unknown to the younger brother, stirred her heart to do the good deed, and behold its fruits in her life time: and not *one* but *two* neat churches have now risen by her munificence, and are almost wholly sustained by it, and by the charity of a devout and wealthy layman of Newport, who, perhaps, ere this has taken holy orders. One beautiful church rises near the cottage of the sufferer, who has thus been, under God, the honored instrument of building two churches; for had it not been for an interest in her and her family the brothers would never have made that Sunday visit in June, 1843.

Mark other results! "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Some months afterwards the younger brother received a letter from Mrs. Robert B. Ives of Providence, desiring to know if he could point out any way to assist further the family of Cynthia Taggart. He had been much abused by many for his intense interest in this suffering family, and replied that he thought "any efforts made in their behalf would be more successful if he took no prominent part in them." He wondered at the *new* interest, however. See what came out! Miss Lippitt in New York had written to Mrs. Ives. Miss L. had been requested to do so by Miss Paine, and Miss P. *was one of the two strangers* who were present on that Sunday in Glen-Anna. The writer noticed them there; for *these* only knelt down upon the ground in the prayers, and he asked, but did not discover who those devout persons were. But Miss Paine who had been long and often in Rhode Island, was living in the house of the father of that young woman to whom the poems were given by the road-side. The preacher saw that copy of the poems in the assembly, and by the sight of that book, Miss Paine's interest was awakened in the authoress. She had never heard of the sufferers before. She visited the family. She has never ceased her

efforts. Untold kindness and benefits to the family have resulted from her benevolent zeal, of which that letter was one proof. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." The one great result which I will here record was the placing by those ladies, at an expense of £60 (three hundred dollars per annum) of the poor insane and incurable Maria in the comfortable and admirable Bloomingdale Asylum, to which both brothers at different times, have been chaplains, and the eldest is such now. "Go and do likewise."

Cynthia was confined in her room, at the time when one of the churches was consecrated, and on the following Sunday, the eldest brother, with the Rev. Hobart Williams, the minister who was sustained by Miss Gibbs, the sister-in-law of Dr. Channing and foundress of the two churches, administered to her the Holy Communion for the Sick.

It is believed that both this sufferer and Sarah Purbeck are yet alive. The ferryman, William Taggart is dead. The writer visited Cynthia and the two sisters less than eighteen months ago, and has preached in the Asylum at Bloomingdale, where poor Maria was one of the congregation, and had intelligence enough affectionately to remember him.

In conclusion he would say to his numerous and true, though new

FRIENDS IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT:

This sketch has been here re-printed and dedicated to you, on account of the remarkable coincidences which caught the stranger's attention, when, a few months ago, he landed an unknown alien on these beautiful shores, where he now believes he has gained more hearty well-wishers than any man has done in the same short time. Your kindness, your enthusiastic approbation, your tender sympathy in the wrongs, the most unusual wrongs which I was called upon to endure, and which I have explained to you in public; which in fact resulted in my voluntary and necessary banishment from my family and my father-land for one year, I say these things make me desire, while about to bid you, probably, farewell in this world for ever, and to return to my native soil, to leave a memento of my visit behind me, that you may sometimes think of the stranger whom you made a citizen, of an alien whom you took to your bosom. May God reward you!*

These were the coincidences — Legh Richmond, a clergyman, had written of the

* See Note p. 110.

history and the piety of a suffering woman, the "Dairyman's Daughter;" the American clergyman, of the same name, and, in by-gone generations, from the same stock in Wiltshire, had also written the Rhode Island Cottage, of the sufferer, Cynthia Taggart. The Isle of Wight is called the "Garden of England" and as you have seen, Rhode Island, (the island,) was called the "Garden of America." More remarkable still; the English sufferer lived on this Island, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from your Newport, and the American sufferer lived on that Island, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from that Newport, where the good Bishop Berkeley, once wrote his "Minute Philosopher," and often preached before he was made Bishop of Cloyne.

The kindness with which your friend was received in Arreton, and the high pleasure which he derived from his public services in Newport, and his sacred ministrations in the fine old Church at Arreton, must not be forgotten. Singular to tell! The first child, his goddaughter, Katharine Hearn, whom he baptized in England, after a nine months' residence, was in the Church where Legh Richmond sometimes preached; and the first person, poor little Ann King, whom he ever buried in Europe, sleeps in the very church-yard which the foot of the thoughtful pilgrim,

from many shores visits, because Elizabeth Wallbridge, the Dairyman's Daughter lies buried there.

At the Dairyman's Cottage, he had the honour, through the kindness of her nephew and his family, of receiving their hospitality from the very old fashioned tea-cups and other household articles which had not been used before, *not even once*, in this century, since the death of the Dairyman's Daughter in 1801.

He will add no more, except this, may God unite in bonds of eternal peace the two English nations, who are in reality, but one great Anglo-Saxon family.

*Wm. Whitehead's,
Arbutus Cottage.*

NOTE TO PAGE 107.

To justify the expressions used, and the facts stated on page 107, the following extracts from the report of the Newport Athenæum Soirée, are made from the Hampshire Independent, dated Southampton, January 27th, 1849.

The letter on the Isle of Wight is added, that the inhabitants of that favored spot may know the “stranger’s” opinion, written down for his own countrymen, without the remotest thoughts of its ever reaching the eyes of those who were *then* strangers to him.

“In the course of his remarks the Rev. Mr. Richmond said: I shall now read you the proposition which has been put into my hand, and to which I have thought proper to add a few words; that proposition says:—
‘That the diffusion of literature and science is one of the best means of raising the intellectual and moral state of the people, and that the broad basis of this Institution eminently entitles it to the support of the inhabitants of this town and neighbourhood; that knowledge and religion are the only means by which the Anglo-Saxon race can accomplish its high destiny, to civilize and christianise the tribes of the earth.’

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“I am no stranger among you as I have been called. I cannot acknowledge the description. This is mine own home. This is my grandmother; but England is no longer Old England. The United States are now called an old country; for since so many revolutions have occurred on the Continent, and so many old dynasties are upset, and so many new ones established, we can't call America a new country any longer, for she is now as old as the Duchess of Gloucester, only she, I believe, was born first. Nor do I take the title of foreigner. Do I talk like a German? do I speak like an Italian? or do I act like a Frenchman? No; on the contrary, don't I look just like an old Saxon body. Why I speak your old English tongue, don't I, just as my mother does—across the ocean, as you call it—but, as we say, “across the herring pond.” My father—the descendant of six Yankee generations—speaks just the same English as my ancestors spoke in Wiltshire two centuries ago.

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So allow me to say that I hope you have found me, not only the thorough-bred and full-blooded Yankee you expected, but an acknowledged countryman also. When you first landed in America you endeavored

to make the Red Man—the Wild Indian—say English. He pronounced it “Yengese;” from that arose *Yankees*, and *Yankees* mean Englishmen, and I am proud of the title. In the year 1940, it is thought that 300 millions of people will speak the English language in the United States, a country about as large as Europe. And I can prove, by a logical process, that I am no stranger, but an Englishman. I am both from John Bull and his brother Jonathan, and, therefore, doubly an Englishman. But we ought to feel as one race; God made man of one blood and of one flesh, and I have no doubt that the Anglo-Saxon race is destined to wield the world. You and your descendants are to take a fast hold in that world. I hope you will make it such as it ought to be. You have already got hold of one quarter of the dry land, according to the map which appears in the new Anglo-Saxon work, and more must follow, for what can other nations do against you? Can the French live or but exist in Canada? Oh, no; but the Englishman can; he shoulders his broad axe, and he cuts his way to his living. Did the Mexican find the gold in California? Oh, no; he was there three hundred years and never discovered it; we were there two months, and found the gold, which the “Times”

says is to do so much harm to the United States. Well, if there be harm ensue from it, you will have the half of it. They will send it to Manchester, and to your manufacturing towns, in exchange for your goods, and by these means you will get half the harm which arises from its discovery.

* * * *

I believe the Caucasians are the finest race of men in the world, and that they are descended from the lost tribes of Israel—not Jews, recollect; no, we have not their faces; before Christ they were called Teutones; but the race has been mixed up with Romans, with ancient Britons, Saxons, and Normans, until at last they made that thing which is called an Englishman, and it is the finest thing on the face of the earth; and out of all this mixture came the men who are destined to wield the world, and I call this little place the powerful little kingdom. As the Indians say, the Saxon “set down here,” and he sent his boughs to the great western river, and his branches over the world; and it is even you who will have to change that world, for as to France, why it cannot even colonize Algeria. The light hair and the blue eyes will do it though; it is the destiny of your race; and you are all of one country with us across the ocean; God has bound us to-

gether both by blood and language ; what God has joined together let no man try to put asunder, and he is a traitor who attempts it. The Rev. gentleman resumed his seat amidst reiterated cheering.

The chairman, Mr. Abraham Clarke : I beg to say that I only used a figure of speech when I designated the Rev. gentleman as a stranger among us. I hope to see him shortly a denizen amongst us. I hope to make him a citizen of the Isle of Wight.

Mr. Robert Pinnock proposed " That the best thanks of the meeting should be given to their guest, the Rev. James Cook Richmond, of America, for his able and gratuitous lectures at the Society's rooms, and for his presence on this occasion." Mr. Pinnock said he should not inflict a speech on them at that late period of the meeting. Happily the resolution only required the mention of his name to call forth their warmest thanks, and if any solicitation of his could have any effect, it would be most heartily given for the purpose of inducing their honored guest to take up his living among them, and devote the powerful gifts he possessed to the service of those by whom he was surrounded. Gladly should they hail the sound which announced him as a resident in this beautiful island. Sure was he that every person pre-

sent would cordially respond to the resolution, and if ever he should again cross the Atlantic, and take up his abode here, all they could offer him in exchange would be, their readiness at all times to draw upon his apparently inexhaustible stores, for farther proofs of his kindness and affection.

Mr. Edward Wilkins cordially seconded the resolution, and was perfectly satisfied that Mr. Richmond would carry over to their brethren in his country their united feelings, and he would assure them that the Britishers had no wish to take from them any portion of their stars or stripes, and that, although it was urged upon America the necessity of adopting a different course of conduct, the Britishers were prepared to meet them at all times in the holy bonds of universal brotherhood and peace (applause).

The vote was passed with universal cheering.

The Rev. Mr. Richmond: I candidly tell you that my feelings are more oppressed by your approbation than by my long talk, because I feel I have not deserved it. * *

At the end of the report of Mr. Richmond's address, the reporter says: We have endeavored to give a faint idea of the address of this extraordinary speaker, and we fear we have but very imperfectly succeeded.

We honestly confess that we would much rather be employed in hearing the beautiful sentiments which flow from his lips and emanate from his heart than be employed in an attempt to give a verbatim report of those sentiments afterwards.

The following is a copy of the letter alluded to by Mr. Richmond in his address, which we extract from the columns of the *Christian Witness*, Boston, Mass., an American journal, to which he had transmitted it:—

Niton, Isle of Wight,
October 23, 1848.

Second Letter from the Isle of Wight.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Fresh from a tour over a part of the Isle of Wight, I find myself compelled to take back even the comparatively qualified praise which was accorded, four days ago, to Rhode Island, in my first letter about Arreton and the Dairyman's Daughter. I had then but begun to contemplate the charms of this wonderful Island, and had scarcely a distant idea of the treasures of

beauty and grandeur which it contains upon its shores and in its bosom. That you may be well aware of the force of what I am about to utter, let me say, that the loveliness of Naples, and her bay and islands, the charms of the coast-tour of Sicily from Palermo to Messina, the most beautiful spots in Italy, and the landscapes of Greece and Asia Minor, are fresh in my memory; but I have not the least hesitation in saying emphatically, and with such a sense of its truth that words convey but a faint idea of my meaning, *that the Isle of Wight surpasses them all*, and almost everything else, except Niagara, that I ever saw. Words can do no justice to the wonderful assemblage of beautiful and sublime objects which are heaped together on the south-eastern coast of this island, and that too, strange to tell, within the short space of six or eight miles. Talk of the sublimity and grandeur of American scenery! Come and see the Isle of Wight! There are scenes upon it which cannot be found in the world beside, and, therefore, new names have been invented to describe them. Such are the terms common here, of *Chine* and *Undercliff*, to say nothing of landslips, of which there have been three, within only six miles, and within the last half-century. Accompany me, then, in my *pedestrian* tour

for he must be a dolt indeed, who gallops through such scenes, in which the slowest foot-pace is too fast; and I have found it difficult to accomplish even eight miles in two days. I have now left a thousand beauties unseen, and only feel the stronger desire to go over the ground immediately again. We will begin with the view from the interior, which I partly described in my last letter. Carisbrooke Castle stands in sombre and massive, though ruined, grandeur, in the midst of a smiling valley. It is surrounded with hills, which pour their rills into the little river that winds its way first through this sheltered vale, and then through Newport to the Solent Sea: this is that part of the channel between the Island and the opposite coast of Hampshire, to which county the Island belongs. The castle itself is an immense ruin, a mile in circumference, if you go round by the terrace, which was built upon the hill, and next this is a ditch, and then a wall, then another trench, and another wall. Next comes the old and lofty British mound, thrown up perhaps before the Roman conquest, and on the top of this the Saxons, Normans, and English, have, in successive generations, built and fortified, and now neglected, a mighty castle. Under these walls, you may well imagine the wind-

ing of the bugle, as the herald approaches for a parley, or the stranger for an audience, or the pilgrim crusader from the Holy Land claiming hospitality, or angry barons contending for fancied rights, or doing battle for faith and honour. There is nothing in feudal history with which this ancient and magnificent ruin, whose towers yet rise in twin-grandeur, may not have been associated. Helmeted knight and "gentle ladie," holy fathers and inspired minstrels, haughty barons and trembling vassals, chivalrous crusaders, and martyr-kings, have all been here; for in this Island, if not in this castle, King John secluded himself among fishermen, awaiting the Pope's permission to break his oath, after the barons at Runnymede had forced him to sign Magna Charta; and from this same Carisbrooke that unhappy and high-spirited King, Charles I., attempted to escape for his life. What associations are called up by the lofty Keep, and the well over three hundred feet deep, mostly chiselled out of the solid rock, before gunpowder was invented. What thoughts arose as I stood by the very same iron grates, out of which King Charles had almost succeeded in making his escape. A vessel was ready, a horse near, an escort prepared, and the signal given; but the king could only thrust

his head through the bars, and could find no egress for his shoulders. Here he remained, groaning piteously, and his friends could hear but not relieve him ; and at last extricating himself, with great difficulty, from this painful position, he resigned himself to his fate, and placed a light in the window to show his friends that the plan had failed.

There was, within a few years, service in the chapel, in the spacious area of the Castle, which embraces several acres ; but the little church is now ruined, and the roof is fallen in, though there seem to be no sheep or cattle to enter the open doors and desecrate the holy place.

Leaving the castle, and following the winding way, through green lanes and hedge-rows, we pass the pretty village of Shide, and are soon in another region, on the furze-covered barren of St. George's Down. At the end of this opens a wild scene, and the little village of Arreton is discovered at the foot of the down of the same name ; and the very ancient and remarkable church, in whose ground the Dairyman's Daughter lies buried, stands in the midst of hay-stacks, and barns, and huts. But of this I shall write you again. Passing the Dairyman's Cottage, through green lanes and among ivy-mantled thatched cottages and trees, whose trunks are enveloped by para-

sitical plants of the deepest green, you find yourself in an extensive farm-yard, called Apse, and a moment after in a secluded wood, apparently as wild as our own, until suddenly a sweet little cottage, covered with roses and other flowers, peeps out upon your path. These, and much more than I can speak of, with a view or two of a ruined castle, and of Lord Yarborough's seat and park at Appuldercombe, or as many people call it 'Appleycoom,' occur within a short walk. Suddenly, on the ascent of a hill, the sea, which you had lost for a short time before, bursts gloriously and unexpectedly upon you. You are soon in the pretty little village of Shanklin, and descending towards the shore, all at once you come to the brow of a precipice, and what a view bursts upon you! a hundred feet below, appear the roofs of a dozen beautiful cottages; and while you quake for your own safety, though quite secure, you wonder that the inhabitants have no fear lest the immense perpendicular wall should fall and crush them. At the base of the precipice, the wide British Channel, like the boundless sea, lies spread out before you, now placid as a lake, and now lashed into fury against the projecting promontory on your right, called Shanklin Head, which towers into the air, a sheer precipice; and the waves rolling

at its very foot, remind you of the scene in the Antiquary ; for, at high tide, you cannot go round Shanklin (‘ Halkett’) head. There is safety, however, on the beach, between this and Dunnose point. Far away to the left rise the chalky, almost snow-white precipices of Culver cliffs, and from this prominent headland, upon which a monument is rising to the Earl of Yarborough, comes gracefully sweeping round Sandown Bay. You proceed towards the shore. A few steps bring you to an arch overhead, formed by a tree, whose lowest roots are in the crags above you ; and on the right is the fisherman’s cottage, who has built up a wall to save the tree. You are now within *Shanklin Chine*. But let me tell you what a chine is. As you might imagine, it is a *cleft* in the back of a hill, and is formed in this way :—A rivulet, sometimes swollen with rains, fell, probably since the creation or the deluge, down from the top of this precipice upon the sea shore. By degrees it wore away its channel, and the walls of sandy loam on each side fell in, till they are now separated, about midway up, a stone’s throw apart ; and the walls, which were once united, rise on either hand, extending up to the cascade, about one-quarter of a mile. On the opposite side, looking out upon the sea, and into this romantic dell, and up its sides, is

Legh Richmond's favourite seat. No wonder that he could describe the beauties of nature, and compare them with the wonders of grace! Such scenes as these might inspire even a dullard, much more the poet; they might make an infidel devout, far more such a saint. Below, at the foot of the chine, lives now the daughter-in-law (Mrs. Sampson) of 'the Fisherman of Shanklin Head,' and on these sands walked the poor 'African.' Far up in the air, on the brow of the head of the romantic glen, is perched, in a seemingly dangerous spot, on the very brink of the precipice, and looking down more than one hundred feet into the deep ravine, a beautiful cottage. From the shore, through a gateway in the path, you now wind along, through every variety of the most picturesque beauty, to the little water-fall, which is still at its work, deepening and lengthening the dell, for it has moved back ten yards in as many years. When you emerge from the '*chine*' through a wicket-gate, you may turn to your left hand and follow the footpath across a stile, leaving the village behind you; and after a succession of views, you descend into another dell, '**Luccombe Chine**,' which is much smaller, and as perfect a gem of a lovely dell, as the other was of the grand, romantic, and picturesque. This dear little glen seemed a

'*chine*' for the children ; and accordingly, I found some dear little ones, prattlers from Mr. Cooper's, who has a charming cottage at the head of the dell. They were dressed *like* children, as children always are in England, and not in our grown-up, '*great man and woman*' style. They had with them the most perfectly beautiful small greyhound I ever saw ; and as I sat in the middle of the dell, half way up the hill, the dog returned from two of the children, and stopped a moment by me, as if to ascertain that I would be a safe companion, and then made his way to the shore. I now discovered, by the soft song that floated up the glen from the sea, that one of the little girls had been left behind, and the dog was soon at her side, while she played with the ripples on the shore, for all was calm and sunshine to-day. A grot opposite, a babbling brook, leaping from stone to stone,* the architect of the beautiful dell, a tower above, a flag-staff, and the green shrubs and flowers on every side, would hardly suffer me to tear myself away from the spot and the children. How many sweet children, with the blue eyes, flaxen hair, and rose and lily faces, I have met upon this Island ! I always steal a chat or a kiss from the dear little cherubs ; they are as bright as the larks

* See Note at the end of this Letter, page 133.

which rise from these sunny meadows, and as sweet voiced as the nightingales and blackbirds that warble in these shady dells.

I cannot pass this charming cottage, the home of those children, without calling your attention to the snow-white ducks trooping over the deep green, close-shaven lawn, and above all, mark that gardener's cottage, all covered over with ivy, except where the roses are absolutely in full bloom, by scores, on the very roof itself. There's nothing like that in New England. The very barn is covered with vines, and all is in keeping with the quiet loveliness of this chosen spot.

Up the hill we go, along a way that is never disturbed by carriages, over the stiles and through the gates, and in a few moments we are transferred from that scene of quiet beauty into one where Nature outdid herself in her wildest freaks. Here begins the *Undercliff*. That does not need so much explanation. It means *under the cliff*; for, from this spot to *Blackgang Chine*, about eight miles, there rises a precipice or rocky wall, sometimes six hundred feet above the level of the sea, larger, longer, more varied than the Palisades of the Hudson, and about three quarters of a mile from the sea. In this breadth is comprehended every variety of charm and wonder, from the most cultivated

rural residence of a noble lord, down or up to the very wildest scene in nature. Imagine, if you can, the springs below, and the helping sea, washing away the blue clay upon which these lofty hills stand, until some morning the astonished peasant beholds fields, rocks, trees, cottages, all in motion. A part of the hill, twenty, eighty, or one hundred acres, cleaves itself from the rest, which towers towards the clouds, and moving towards the sea, sinks down perhaps one hundred feet. Conceive the wild work there is here. Here the giants went to war. Rocks, trees, everything thrown into the wildest confusion, and there they stand, as they were thrown at Niton, in 1799; at Luccombe, in 1810 and 1818. There is not a possible feature wanting in this wonderful landscape. Here is a cultivated and smiling valley, standing upon the ledge that overhangs the sea far below, and frowned upon by a giant cliff, rising up hundreds of feet, straight towards the sky. You may walk in this cultivated valley, and in a moment you come upon a huge rock, whose horizontal fissures are twin brothers to those which still stand above you, but which are now turned at all angles to the horizon, or at a perpendicular to their old position. Hills covered with verdure now, that once fell down from the hills above; huge knolls, that are sunk half

way along the face of their still unmoved brethren ; trees, growing by thousands from the cleft rocks, like that solitary one on the old road from Providence to Boston ; others sprouting out from the side of the cliffs, almost horizontally, and still others again, whose roots twist around and band the rocks together. Here, huge "*founders*," or large rocks, which have rolled down from the hills, or been broken from the side of the cliffs, and come thundering towards the sea ; trees overturned here, and rocks stopped in their mad career by stronger trees there ; nooks of ivy-grown rocks, amid cultivated fields ; everything, in short, beautiful, sublime, grand, grotesque, picturesque ; I say, everything that I can imagine is here grouped together. I tried to note down the thousand features, but gave up in despair, as my friend G—, the German painter, at my request, attempted to take down the notes of the nightingale at noon-day, in the shady Italian groves of Albani, but abandoned the hopeless task. How low and distant came the sound of the oars in the tiny cock-boats, below upon the placid sea ; and how, on the next day, the misty, and beclouded, and angry ocean thundered, and the trees, along the sides of the trembling cliffs, that every instant seemed to threaten the landscape below, roared in sympathy. It was hard to tell

which was the angry war of the sea lashing the beach, and which the mighty wind, travelling in his strength along the tops of the trees, and sweeping with such fury through the steep and winding pathway, cut through the face of the precipice, that I almost trembled at my rashness in venturing the hazardous enterprise. And had not the wind been blowing in from the shore, I might have been swept at one of the little passages, from the narrow steps, over the brow of the cliffs, into the awful abyss.

But the happy valleys lie below in their snug recesses, and these mighty giants protect them, on every side, from every wind, except the warm breezes that blow from the south. Hence they should be the home of the invalid; and no wonder that Dr. Clark, in his work on the "Influence of Climate," says, "It is matter of surprise to me, after having fully examined this favored spot, that the advantages it possesses in so eminent a degree in point of shelter and exposition, should have been so long overlooked in a country like this, whose inhabitants, during the last century, have been traversing the globe in search of climate." The Isle of Wight is the garden of England and the British Madeira. It enjoys constant and refreshing breezes from the sea; the face of the island is dry and

cultivated ; in open situations the air is clear, sharp, and bracing ; in sheltered nooks it is mild and pure, as the high downs and chalky cliffs are dry, and there are no marshes. By less than five minutes' walk you can at any time completely change the air. You may breakfast in a deep valley, and in fifteen minutes be on a cliff, at the height of 500 feet above the water. You may see almost all the ships that sail through the British Channel, and, alas ! when the wild billows are lashed into fury, you may see a ship, like the ill-fated *Clarendon* in 1836, dashed to pieces upon the rocky shores. Twenty-four out of twenty-seven souls, perished in the neighbourhood of the *Blackgang Chine*.

But I have exhausted your patience, though I can never exhaust the subject. So I must pass hastily from the cliffs, where I look down some hundreds of feet, laying myself along on the ground by the perilous edge, or passing swiftly on the secure pathway, which overhangs the road and the carriages below. Below them, again, is another footpath for travellers, and on the edge of that precipice, far below the road below me, the boys are letting themselves down to pull the daws' nests out of the clefts of the rocks, with long poles and fish-hooks. Below them, again, is the scene of wild beauty, terror, and grandeur,

occasioned by the rocks; which flew about like hailstones in the last land-slip. And on the edge of this, and far below, still is another precipice; and here the peasant can thrust his iron bar into the earth, and letting himself down by a rope, hang in the air, "gathering samphire, awful trade!" And below him, again, with unfathomable deeps and on a bold shore, roll in sullen majesty the ceaseless billows of the everlasting sea.

Bonchurch village is a beautiful rustic spot, full of a variety of charms, perhaps surpassing all the rest, and I enjoyed the view from Legh Richmond's Pulpit Rock, a lone cliff, before I clambered up the steep sides and to the very top of St. Boniface's Down, and then wondered how I ever found my way to Ventnor. The beauties of Steephill and St. Lawrence I shall not stop to describe.

Here comes the little church of St. Lawrence, beyond St. Lawrence's well,* where a grot offers the traveller shelter, a seat, and a cool, refreshing draught, running out from the ornamented marble. The church was, if it be not, the smallest in Great Britain. Is there a smaller in the world? I could not stand up, without my hat, under the eaves. It was twenty-five, and is, since six years ago,

* See Note on p. 135.

forty feet long, and as the good old clerk, so polite and obliging, told me, just eleven feet and half an inch broad. The clergyman looks as if he might touch almost all his congregation from the desk, which is pulpit too, as there is not room for both. So he puts his surplice on the side of the desk, and stands up again in the gown. He is careful not to hit his head against the old rafters of this sweet little church; for it is quite a little jewel of the times of the crusaders, as it was built in 1197. When I went into a seat, the clerk handed me a Prayer Book out of his desk, and when I knelt on the stone floor, my feet extending across the single aisle, he reached me a hassock through the door of the same place. He was very kind to me I am sure; though he says Miss Sedgwick, to whom he was equally polite, says in her book that "the understanding of the clerk was about the size of the church." "I am sure," continued the kind old man, "she says so, for I have the book at home. I gave half-a-crown for it." Now, as Miss Sedgwick has had her turn, I think it only fair to give this good old man of seventy-five his turn, too, before he dies. If people will continue, for the sake of a witty expression, to say unkind things of people who are kind to them, they will, of course, be quite ready to hear what reply the

old clerks and others make in such cases. So, said the old man, with a remark or two which I will not repeat, but which was quite appropriate, about the hundred *new sects* which had sprung up and produced very wise people since that little church was very old; "So if you meet Miss Sedgwick, and you find she has any understanding to spare, I shall be thankful for it, and will try to make room for it all."

The pen which has already wearied you would fall powerless before the loveliness and wildness of the way by the road, or up "*Cripple Path*," and along the brow of the cliff to Niton. Here I thought all had been seen; but when I came to *Blackgang Chine*, I must confess I was overpowered by a scene of awful, almost fearful and terrific sublimity. A mighty chasm from the shore reaches back nearly half-a-mile, with blackened sides, bare of all vegetation, and guarded on each hand by a wall of earth rising up 600 feet from the dell above the level of the sea; for at the back stands the same rocky face of the mountains lost in the clouds. The rain ceased, the wind fell, the sun looked out, and a beautiful rainbow rested one curve upon the ocean, and one upon the hill, while the king of day, with broad, full disc, sank into the mighty waters. I lingered upon the spot

till darkness fell, and no vision that I ever saw came so near as this to the descriptions by the poets of Erebus. Nay, it surpassed all my conceptions derived from their descriptions, as far as it excelled in terrible sublimity the Lake of Avernus and the Sybilline grotto; and I am not ashamed to confess, that, however difficult the ascent from this fearful spot, I did not cease to urge my way onward, till I saw once more the cheerful taper, and the enlivening face of man.

ARRETON, Oct. 26th.—I am again compelled to dispatch this sketch, without reading it over since it was written. But though it may be full of errors, I will venture to send it, as a transcript at least made upon the spot, of the feelings with which I looked upon some of the beauties of this celebrated, but not half-famous enough, Island. I could support my opinion by extracts from several books upon the Isle of Wight which I have seen since writing this sketch. But as time does not permit this, I conclude by simply warning your readers not to lay anything in this letter to the score of my enthusiasm, as I am sure words cannot reach the reality.

NOTE TO PAGE 124.

The babbling brook, the architect of the dell.

Two months after this description was written, I was passing by the same way, and was astonished by the changes which so short a period had made in Luccombe Chine. I was quite sure that I missed several things. I had spoken to those children while they stood on a little bridge across the rivulet, and by a gate which they were about to open. There was now neither bridge nor gate to be seen ! The children had come from the shore, on the side where I stood, and I watched them as they appeared and disappeared on the pathway. There was now no path from this side to the other, and the way on the opposite brow was abruptly broken off. I had thought of going to the grot, which then seemed a possible and not very dangerous enterprise ; but now the path to this artificial cavern was shaven close off to the side of the precipice, and no foot can ever reach the pretty, cool grotto again. Probably the sides of the chine will fall in until they approach very near to the cottage itself. On inquiry, I found the changes had taken place " on the Wednesday after Christmas," said the cottager's wife. In several other parts of the walk I found new rocks rolled down,

and new slips of land broken away. Apples still grow on some of the trees of the orchards that slipped down many years ago, and it cannot be doubted that very great changes will still occur, which may perhaps again shew the chimney of some fisherman's cottage peeping up out of the sea !

NOTE TO PAGE 130.

St. Lawrence's well offers the traveller a cool, refreshing draught.

In consequence of various depredations and nuisances having been committed at the famed St. Lawrence's Well, the Earl of Yarborough caused it to be locked up. During the summer of 1843, the following lines were written in pencil by an unknown, and stuck over the said well door, which, on being taken down by a gentleman in that neighbourhood, were handed to his lordship, who was so much pleased with the *jeu d'esprit*, as to give directions for the well to be unlocked, and it has ever since been open to the public :—

This well, we must own, is most splendidly placed,
 And very romantio we think it ;
 The water, no doubt, too, would pleasantly taste,
 If we could but get at it, to drink it.

We wish that the person who owneth this well,
 May walk a long way, and get " knock'd up ;"
 And then, if it 's pleasant or not, he can tell,
 When he comes to some water that 's lock'd up.

APPENDIX.

A.

A single copy of the following letter having been found, after the foregoing part was printed, it has been thought best to insert it here, as an additional testimony to the truth of some of the facts there stated.

*Richmond Rock, Seconet, Rhode Island,
28th October, 1845.*

My Dear Brother,

I am sitting once more at the familiar round table, in the parlor chamber of the old homestead—the table dear to me from a thousand associations of my boyhood and youth. Retiring, for serenity, after the peculiarly solemn and exciting duties of our last Diocesan Convention, I have mused, as in former years, by the grave of the old Captain, Edward Richmond, who, in 1696, lay down to rest upon the soil that has descended, through five generations, to our now aged father. I have looked forth from the rock on this farm, where Colonel Benjamin Church made the treaty with the queen sachem of the Seconets, Awashonks, that broke up the

power of King Philip of Mount Haup. The striking point of Fogland,—the grand arm of the sea,—the bold shore of the opposite Rhode Island,—the beautiful peninsula of Sachuwest,—the great and little Cormorant Rocks,—the commanding cliff of West Island,—Seconet Point, a favorite haunt from my earliest days of thought and feeling, and the mighty ocean, have again excited my wonder, and called up the memory of dear friends who have admired them with me and are now sleeping in the silent grave. I am thinking particularly at this moment of James and George Foster, two brothers, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, whose friendship was conferred upon me in my fourteenth year, and was only interrupted at the early death of both of them, by the same disease, within a few days of each other, and under circumstances so affecting. They were friends also of our friend Dr. Wainright, of Mrs. Follen, of that delightful and regretted man, Washington Allston, and of the worthy family of Judge Dana. I have never known nobler fellows; their names will cause other friends to count, as I now do, the pulsations of the heart. I remember that James Foster sat up, nearly the whole night, at the window I am now looking out of, to watch a storm of the ocean, when the surf broke thirty feet

over Brenton's Reef, and gleamed apparently for more than twenty feet above West Rock, which rises, as you know, about forty feet out of the surrounding water. I stood, but just now, beside the peaceful burial place of our forefathers, where our infant niece, Mary Williams, daughter of our sister Fanny, has recently been laid to rest, between the humble graves of Edward Richmond and our great grandfather William. I reflected, at this quiet spot, on the troubles which the little one has escaped, and the inheritance she has been permitted so early to enter upon. I read the appropriate words on her lowly gravestone, "Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well, 2 Kings iv., 26." I have this moment left the old and ample kitchen hearth, and its blazing wood fire, where the excellent Diana Austin, has been talking to me of the friends, who in the course of the thirty-five years that she and her worthy husband have tenanted this farm, have accompanied me in my annual visits of retirement.

But you will ask why I am writing this to you. I can give no reason, except that it suits the humor of the moment and the genius of the place. I will now proceed to the object of this letter. I started on Sunday, the 12th of October, to attend service at Bristol.

as it was too rough to ask our friend Amasa Gray, to cross over to Rhode Island in his ferry boat. But the rain increased so fast that I concluded, as I was on horseback, to try William Almy, the ferryman at Tiverton Four Corners. After being hospitably received and entertained by him and his family, I stated that I wished to cross particularly, as there were persons on Rhode Island who might be of service to the sick and dependent family of the Taggarts, and proceeded to give him some account of that family. His sympathy, and that of his wife and daughters, was immediately excited, and although it rained in torrents, and blew a gale of wind, he offered to take me over in his whale boat, which he said, would stand any gale. His wife provided me with an old coverlet to wrap round my great coat and we crossed in safety. I landed near Glen Anna. You recollect the service we held at Glen Anna two years since in the open air. *Now out of that service God has wrought wonders.* I wish to note this matter particularly, for the encouragement of others. Had not Cynthia Taggart been lying sick in that region, that service, so far as we know, would never have been thought of. The following results may therefore, under God, be traced up to her; and it is almost marvellous, that a woman

bedridden for twenty-three years, so helpless that she could not even feed herself, should have been made the medium of so many blessings to her own family and to the Church. Through HER, her father, her mother, the bedridden Betsy, and the insane Maria, her sisters, were provided for, and even the little cottage where she and Betsy are now lying all day long, purchased. This appears clearly from the story you have told in the Rhode Island Cottage, and the facts that are known to you and me. Bearing these things in mind, I proceed to trace the results of the service referred to in Glen Anna, of which Cynthia was the occasion. The services of the Church have been continued in that neighbourhood, from the very day when you commenced them, to the present time: a clergyman has been settled there, who has already, as you will learn, been enabled to build one free church. A worthy lady, who forbids my mentioning her name, but who had made arrangements, twenty years since, to establish the Church, in that, her native region, was induced to make the move at once in consequence of that service,—to obtain the clergyman,—to provide a home for him,—to secure his support, and to settle a farm, costing about six thousand dollars, on the Church for ever. She now

intends to build a house of worship, as it has long been in her heart to do, to the honor of God our Saviour. Another lady, from New York, who was casually, or rather providentially, present at that service, was induced by your mentioning, on that occasion, in your sermon, the case of the Taggarts, whom we had just visited, to call upon them, and was so struck with their trying condition, that she immediately set about obtaining the means to provide for Maria Taggart's support at the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane. Maria is now at that Asylum under my pastoral care; as you know I have officiated there once on Sunday for many years, the only intermission being the three or four years that you had charge of it. Besides these results,—all results under God, of that *single service*,—the family have received increased assistance in consequence of it, and have now friends on whom they may rely in every hour of earthly need. All these things were passing through my mind, as I walked up the beautiful glen, and directed my steps towards the dwelling of the estimable woman before referred to. I will not dwell on the rural beauties she has gathered around her quiet dwelling place, and scattered over the tasteful grounds, nor on the approbation which the Church would willingly bestow

upon her. I found that our estimable brother, the clergyman, had gone to officiate near the new church, on the West Road, and would soon return to hold an afternoon service on the East Road, at the church farm house, the lower part of which has been fitted up as a chapel. I learned, to my gratification, on his return, that his new Church of the Holy Cross, was to be consecrated by Bishop Henshaw, on the following Tuesday, and accepted the invitation, that he cordially extended, to remain, contrary to my previous intention, and be present at the consecration. He also informed me that there would be a confirmation in the afternoon. I was impressed with the conviction, that as the Church would not, in all probability, have been there, but for our suffering friend Cynthia Taggart lying for so many long, weary years, a short distance from its site, and now within sound of its little bell, so Cynthia herself would be blessed on account of it. It turned out so. For after wandering on Monday, about the beautiful grounds and the surrounding country, I visited the Church, with my hostess before referred to, found it a perfect gem, a Gothic gem, rustic fence, diamond windows, open roof, chancel, and all, a favorite plan, I am told, of Upjohn's. From the Church, after assisting my hostess in laying the first

Prayer Books before the open seats,—there are no pews,—I went up to see Cynthia. Betsy was lying as usual, in the narrow room where the insane Maria was formerly shut up. It has been cleaned and papered, and all the little cottage was as neat as usual. Betsy took one of my hands in both of hers and said, with more than her usual earnestness of expression, “Oh, Mr. R. it is not you, nor your brother, nor Miss P., nor the other ladies, but it is Almighty God. Since you and your brother were first at our old cottage on the sea shore, we have been supplied as if the ravens had been sent to feed us.” She spoke the truth. I went up to the sick chamber of Cynthia. Her sister, Mrs. L., said, Cynthia had been in awful agony in the morning, as she expressed it, “screaming with agony.” There lay the smitten one, trembling like a quivering nerve, grown old with anguish, her limbs so doubled together that her heels rest on her hips, some of her fingers’ joints so bent down that you would suppose they had been amputated. There she lay, a sufferer, beyond the power of mortal language to describe, for twenty-three years, during thirteen of which we had known her. But I had come for a solemn purpose. “Cynthia, is your faith now firmly fixed on the Saviour?” “I trust it is,

and has been for many years. My bodily sufferings are indescribable. I think they increase, but my heart, I trust, is at peace with God, through my Saviour." "Then, Cynthia, it is now your duty to obey one of the last commands of your Saviour, be confirmed by the Bishop, who will be here on Tuesday, and receive the Holy Communion." "I have been long thinking of receiving the Communion, and am ready to do so." "Then on Tuesday, the Bishop will confirm you, and on next Sunday we will come and administer the Communion." On Tuesday, after the Consecration and Lord's Supper in the morning, and a Baptism and Confirmation in the afternoon, *all* our especial public services in one day, a day to be remembered, the Bishop proceeded in his robes, as the cottage was nigh, accompanied by three of us clergymen in our gowns, and confirmed the sufferer. It seemed to me that the messenger must have been to her as if an angel had been sent: "unto the angel of the Church of Ephesus, write." On the Sunday following, the rector of the parish, the Rev. Hobart Williams, assisted by me, administered the Holy Communion to Cynthia, and four of her best friends,—our friend from New York, Maria's friend, being present. You, her oldest and best friend

ought to have been there. We all missed you. We left her with the benediction, "Peace be with you." Brother, think of the painful state of her mind when we first saw her, and imagine what must have been our feelings when we heard the voice trembling with agony, of this gifted christian, uniting in our Communion Service. She must have learned the service from having it frequently read to her. Peace be with you, tried one. Our Heavenly Father has graciously permitted us to dispense to you the *best* pledges of our blessed religion. You have been baptized, you have been confirmed, you have received the Holy Communion. We feel that our work in this cottage is almost done. We can do nothing better for you. Peace be with you! To that couch of suffering may heavenly messengers, as we doubt not they do, every day descend. In the midnight vigils which untold agony compels you to keep, may whispers of blessed spirits be heard by you. When, for a moment, it is seldom more, sleep visits your heavy eyelids, may visions of celestial joy ravish your heart. May you die in the full faith and communion of the Church, and may *you die soon*, if the will of God be so! And when you die! But I may not attempt to lift the veil of eternity, and seek for words

to describe the contrast, between the state of the sufferer for twenty-three years, now lying on that lowly couch, and the mansion she will enter, and the joy and brightness of the redeemed spirit that will go forth from that emaciated body and that humble death-chamber.

Depart, Christian Sister, in peace. Depart : In the name of the Father that created thee. Depart : In the name of the Saviour that redeemed thee. Depart : In the name of the Holy Ghost that sanctifieth thee. Depart. In the name of the thrice blessed Trinity. Depart for that world, where the wicked cease from troubling, and for ever the weary are at rest.

Your affectionate brother,

WILLIAM RICHMOND.

*To the Rev. James Cook Richmond,
Providence, Rhode Island.*

B.

CYNTHIA TAGGART.

SELDOM does woman have an opportunity of becoming a heroine in action: it is only in the calm endurance of afflictions that the strength of her soul is tested; and female genius never appears so lovely as when, like the trodden camomile, it springs apparently from the very pressure that threatens to destroy it.

Look on the mild face of the sufferer represented in the picture*. For twelve long years the original has been confined to her bed, oppressed by a most excruciating disease, which for months together has deprived her of all natural rest, and rendered the most powerful opiates necessary in order to lull her into a momentary slumber. The physician's art has wholly failed to reach her case, and the tender care of her friends has been exhausted in vain to relieve her. And yet, while lying in this deplorable and hopeless situation, she has accomplished what will entitle her name to a record among the good and talented daughters of America.

The history of Cynthia Taggart is a record of sufferings endured; but these have been ennobled by pious feelings and sublime meditations, and the sighings of her wounded spirit she has breathed upon the harp of poetry in some of the saddest, sweetest strains, such as only a mind of a high order, and a heart of exquisite sensibility, could have framed and poured forth.

Before we proceed to gratify our readers with a specimen from her poems, we must give a sketch of the writer. She is a native of Rhode Island. Her father, William Taggart, was a soldier of the Revolution; one of the patriotic defenders of his country in the times that tried men's souls.

* See the American Ladies' Magazine, edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, Boston. The extracts above are from the Number for March, 1835.

During the occupation of the island by the British troops, the greater part of the property of the Taggart family was destroyed, thus reducing them from affluence to poverty; but when, at the conclusion of the war, they found their beloved country free, their own individual losses and privations were scarcely counted as misfortunes. Young William Taggart purchased a farm about four miles from Newport, at the south-eastern extremity of the island, erected a small house on the side of a hill which descends precipitately to the sea, and here he established himself, living in almost hermit-like retirement. His wife was an amiable and pious woman, and together they labored to support, and educate in the principles of pure religion, their family of daughters. Cynthia was the youngest, and—but we must let her tell her own story; it comes from her pen with a simple pathos, which would be marred by any alteration we could give it.

‘During infancy and childhood I was the subject of emaciating disease, and suffered much from pain and debility; but, when health permitted, I occasionally attended school, during the summer season only, from my sixth to my ninth year, and six or eight weeks several years afterwards, to study geography and grammar. My knowledge of writing and arithmetic was acquired at home, as also that of grammar and geography with the above mentioned exception. I had likewise some opportunity, which was sedulously improved, of attending to the interesting study of astronomy, natural and civil history, and of reading the works of esteemed authors on important subjects; but have been chiefly debarred, by sickness and indigence, from the advantages of education, for which during childhood and youth, I longed with an intensity of desire, that was acutely painful. But for many years past I have resignedly acquiesced in the allotments of Providence; believing assuredly, that all things are ordered in infinite mercy, and that the decrees of the all-wise Creator are righteous altogether.

‘From the earliest time I can recollect, I was, though not melancholy, of a meditative and retired habit, and found much more amusement in yielding my mind to a pleasing train of fancy, and in forming stories and scenes

according to my inclination, than in the plays, in which the children with whom I associated took delight. And during the whole of my childhood and youth, previous to my incurable illness, I derived incomparably more entertainment and delight from these mental reveries, and in silently contemplating the beauties and wonders of the visible creation, than in associating with my youthful companions; though I was not averse to society, especially that in which I could find a congenial spirit, and such I highly enjoyed. My favorite amusements were invariably found, when health permitted, in viewing and admiring the varied and soul-filling works of the great Creator; in listening to the music of the winds and waves with an ineffable and indefinable delight; in reading books that were instructive and interesting; in pursuing, without interruption, a pleasing train of thought; and in the Elysian scenes of fancy. My employments were chiefly of a domestic kind, and my inclinations and habits those of activity and industry. I had never the most remote and vague apprehension, that my mental capacities, even if cultivated, were competent for productive efforts: with few exceptions, it was not till several years after the commencement of excruciating illness, that my thoughts and feelings were committed to paper, in the form of poetry; and the sole cause of the production of many little pieces, since that period, was, that in them my mind found some small relief from the pressure of incessant suffering, though, from the prevalence of bodily languor, it was possible to derive only transient amusement from thus occupying my thoughts; if longer persisted in, partial faintness and an insupportable agony of the brain ensued.

‘I was frequently, during childhood, the subject of religious impressions, especially when hearing or reading of the love of Christ, the depravity of the human heart, and the happiness or misery of a future state. But these impressions were fleeting; and it was not till my eighteenth year, that any abiding seriousness was produced in my mind; when I became deeply impressed with the supreme excellence and importance of religion, and greatly desirous that my dark and alienated mind might be enlightened by the

Spirit of Truth, and brought into a sacred nearness to the Saviour of sinners,—that my soul might be renovated, and entirely conformed to the holy will of God, and that I might live a devoted and useful life. And for a short time I believed I had experienced, in part, what I so anxiously desired; but I have never* derived that peace and consolation from religion which Christians in general enjoy, and which it is so amply adequate to afford. But if I have not been the subject of renovating grace, and of those holy illuminations that are essential to the divine life, it is my earnest and supreme desire that I yet may be, and that my soul, in life and in death, may be entirely resigned and conformed to the righteous will of the all-wise God and Saviour. But though I have failed of obtaining that enjoyment and holy delight, which the principles of religion in ordinary cases afford, yet through a series of the deepest afflictions, they have been my sole support. When in the bloom of youth, with a high relish for the tranquil and delightful amusements of early life, and an ardent desire of improvement, I was at once deprived of every earthly enjoyment, and of almost all that could render life tolerable,—doomed to the endurance of perpetual bodily anguish,—and, while writhing upon the bed of languishing, deprived even of the sweet and soothing influence of sleep, the all-important support and restorative of exhausted and decaying nature. In the midst of these deplorable calamities, a firm belief in the doctrines of the gospel has sustained my spirit, and endued my soul with strength to bear, with a measure of composure and resignation, these long protracted and inconceivable sufferings.

‘But in order to give a more explicit account of the nature and progress of this afflictive dispensation, I must revert to the period of its commencement, which was that of my existence; from which, and during infancy and childhood, I was so extremely sickly, that my parents had no hope of my attaining mature years; and though blessed, from my sixth year, with a degree of strength that enabled

* She is now a devout, resigned, and faithful member of Christ.—1848.

me occasionally to attend school, and afterwards to engage in active employment, yet my slender constitution was frequently assailed by disease, from my birth to my nineteenth year. Shortly after this period, I was seized with a more serious and alarming illness than any with which I had hitherto been exercised, and in the progress of which my life was for many weeks despaired of. But after my being reduced to the brink of the grave, and enduring excruciating pain and excessive weakness for more than three months, it yielded to superior medical skill; and I so far recovered strength as to walk a few steps, and frequently to ride abroad, though not without a great increase of pain, and almost maddening agony of the brain, and a total deprivation of sleep for three or four nights and days successively.

From this time a complication of the most painful and debilitating chronic diseases ensued, and have continued to prey upon my frail system during the subsequent period of my life,—from which no permanent relief could be obtained either through medicine, or the most judicious regimen,—natural sleep having been withheld to an almost if not altogether unparalleled degree, from the first serious illness throughout the twelve subsequent years. This unnatural deprivation has caused the greatest debility, and an agonizing painfulness and susceptibility of the whole system, which I think can neither be described nor conceived. After the expiration of a little more than three years from the above mentioned illness, the greater part of which period I was able to sit up two or three hours in a day, and frequently rode, supported in a carriage, a short distance, though, as before observed, not without great increase of pain, and total watchfulness for many succeeding nights,—I was again attacked with a still more acutely painful and dangerous malady, from which recovery for several weeks seemed highly improbable, when this most alarming complaint again yielded to medical skill, and life continued, though strength has never more returned. And in what agony, in what excruciating tortures, and restless languishing the greater part of the last nine years has been passed, it is believed by my parents that language is inadequate to

describe or the human mind to conceive. During both the former and latter period of these long protracted and uncompromising diseases, every expedient that has been resorted to, with the blissful hope of recovery, has proved, not only ineffectual to produce the desired result, but has invariably, greatly aggravated and increased my complicated complaints; from which it has been impossible to obtain the smallest degree of relief that could render life supportable, and preserve the scorching brain from phrensy, without the constant use of the most powerful anodynes.*

How wonderful is the power of genius! There are thousands of young ladies in our land, who enjoy the advantages of education, and society, and health, and yet how few among these could indite a strain, which, in all that constitutes the beauties of poesy, would equal the following breathing of "The Heart's Desire," from this uneducated, poor, stricken, suffering girl:

"Essay, my heart, my aching heart,
To lisp thy longing forth;
Speak thy intense desire to gaze
Upon the blooming earth.

All the desires that e'er thou felt'st,
Compared with this, save *one*,
Die sooner than the taper's beam,
When the quick blast hath blown.

This, this my panting heart excites,
With all a passion's glow,
That I may know long banished health,
And feel the balmy air's sweet stealth
Across my temples flow;

And stray the verdant landscape o'er,
And press the lawns, and walk the shore,
That I have traced long since before,
And lift my eyes unpained, to view
The glorious morning sun.

What years have passed of anguish keen,
 Since last I heard the roar
 Of clashing waves; or marked the scene,
 Where in the milder sea's deep green,
 The inverted, towering trees were seen
 From yon delightful shore,

Or heard the warbling concert ring,
 While echoing joys responsive sing,
 And purling brook, and bubbling spring,
 In sweet melodious offering,
 Their simple music pour !

Long since, I watched the sun go down,
 Far in the vermil west ;
 And lingering viewed his latest beam,
 Till the fair evening star's first gleam
 Shone in the misty east ;

Then sought the stilly couch at night,
 With sweet repose and calm delight,
 While Fancy's soft aerial flight,
 In milder gleams of magic light,
 Shed peace upon my breast :

Soft slumber's downy arms received
 My sinking form, and sweet relieved
 The pleasing task of thought,
 Whilst the gay dream's
 Unfettered themes
 The brain's freed fibres sought.

Or, deeper in the placid night,
 I watched the flickering northern light,
 Or gliding meteor's bound,
 Or saw the fair moon slow ascend
 Her radiant height, while stars attend
 At humble distance round ;

Or viewed the silvery hill and dale,
 While the sweet night airs plaintive wail

Through gilded branches of each tree,—
Or moan in concert with the sea,
And sigh along the ground.

'T is long since summer's early dawn,
That breaks the shades of night,
And the gay, smiling, blooming morn
Have cheered my aching sight;—

When songs of sweeter harmony
Than night's soft chanted melody
Salute the captive ear ;
And far soft slumber's bondage flies
From off the glad, rejoicing eyes,
And joys unveiled appear.

'T is long since at the winter hearth,
When friends and kindred meet
In serious joy, and playful mirth,
I held a happy seat,

And turned, beside the taper's light,
The instructive pages o'er ;
Or heard the wise discourse of age ;
Or read with awe the sacred page,
And felt its quick'ning power ;

Then joined the joyous vocal strain,
While fast against the sheltering pane
Dash the large pattering drops of rain,
Or wild winds blustering roar."*

The *accomplished* writer may express, with great power and beauty, sentiments very foreign from his or her heart ; but when the untaught strike the harp, the songs are always truth. Hence the character and history, even of these last, may be as certainly deduced from their productions, as the order and genius of a wild plant may be traced by its flower. The secluded place in which Miss Taggart had always

* See Ode to Health, p. 7, for the remainder of this Poem.

resided, furnished images of great power and beauty for her peculiar train of thought;—the sea, whose waves had been the playmates of her childhood; the wind, whose gentlest breathings were audible in this lonely place; the storms which swept in their accumulated force over the Atlantic, till their whole fury seemed bursting on the hill-side where stood the isolated dwelling, — these are the images that most frequently occur, when her laboring heart would express its feelings of sadness, and hopelessness, and misery. It would have been unnatural had not these melancholy impressions been predominant in her mind. A humble Christian she is, and resigned to the will of her heavenly Father, but nature could not, without struggling, always endure the cross. And He who prayed in his agony that if it were possible the 'cup might pass from him,' will not count the sighs of a breaking heart as a rebellion against God.

Two strong feelings divide the musings of this solitary invalid; the longing for health and for sympathy. The loveliness of domestic affections too, often breaks in on her dark mind, like a gleam of sunshine in the prison of Chillon. There is one poem, "The Happiness of Early Years," we have read over and over; it is almost too long to quote, but we feel loth to mark out a stanza; it would be like throwing away a pearl; and so here is the whole.*

* * * * *

There are several other poems in the collection, which are equal in beauty to those we have given. The 'Ode to the Poppy' has been often published and admired. The nature of her disease deprived her of that comforter of the wretched, 'balmy sleep,' and her poems abound with the pathetic allusions to this circumstance, which added such bitterness to her wo. How full of beauty are these natural expressions of feelings which, in her situation, were no exaggerated picture of the thoughts which would visit her sleepless pillow. There is nothing in Young more plaintive:

"Others to rest resigned; alone I wake,
Weary and sad: and silent cast my eyes
Around the solemn scene; no voice is heard;

* See Poems, p. 84.

No footsteps move : a perfect stillness reigns,
 Save the light breeze that sighs in softened sounds,
 And plaintive murmurs round the casement lone.
 The pensive stars glow faintly : the fair moon
 Has risen on high, in majesty serene.
 How mildly beams her soft quiescent light,
 As if ordained to inspire tranquillity,
 And fill the soul with sentiments benign.
 How far from me is sweet tranquillity !

* * * * *

The soul—ah me, these agonizing thrills,
 These wild commotions and insatiate pains !
 When banished nature's great supporter, how
 Can nature bear this dread conspiracy
 Of ills unnumbered ? Yet, so long as flow
 The faintly circulating streams of life,
 Dear is thy dreary gloom, O Night ! to me.
 Though rest hath vanished from thy lingering hours,
 And griefs augmenting cause convulsive starts,
 That make me quickly turn from side to side,
 Fatigued and fainting with the frequent task ;
 Yet thou art welcome still, and thy deep tones,
 That sigh congenial sadness from the wind,—
 Whether in whispers soft it moan around,
 Or fiercer breathe its strong impetuous power ;
 When the fair moon her aspect mild displays
 Amid the silence of the twinkling stars,
 Or when obscured by thick and sombre clouds ;
Night, still thou ever art more dear to me,
 Than all the glories of the rising day."

But we must leave this interesting volume. Our readers, who feel an interest in the slight sketch we have been able to give, will doubtless be glad to learn that by purchasing the book they will do kindness to the author. This interesting and gifted young woman is now deprived of her father, and though not absolutely dependent on charity, is yet in those straitened circumstances which add the fear of want to the pang of sickness. The Poems were published entirely for her benefit, and that the work has

reached a second edition is good evidence that her merits are appreciated.

We feel confident that our readers will thank us for introducing to their notice an example of such pure and humble worth. There is beauty in every thing that awakens the moral sensibilities of our nature, and our affections are drawn forth by every object that excites the tear or smile of sympathy. We may, however, look on a face radiant with health and happiness without interest; but the human heart is so constituted, that the appearance of sorrow and suffering almost always moves the feelings, exciting in the mind those sentiments and reflections which tend to make us better and wiser.

How very few persons live in the unbounded enjoyment of every luxury, compared with those who are poor and distressed! and from the attacks of disease, no mortal being is exempted. The bed of sickness, like the grave, waits for us all. Is it not then of the utmost importance to acquaint ourselves with the resources which the mind and heart possesses, that we may be prepared against the day of adversity; when the hour of bodily weakness comes, we can sustain the energies of the sinking spirit, by employing them in thought, in the fields of imagination, and we shall then improve our powers, even in deep afflictions which seem to preclude all feelings save those of regret and despair! This cultivation of the mind would not exclude patience or faith;* but, on the contrary, purify and exalt them, by training the heart, not only to endure its lot, but to comprehend forms of beauty, amid the most revolting aspects misery can assume, and thus to find cause of grateful thanks to God, who orders all in his wisdom.

* We cannot but observe, however, that all other sources of consolation to the sufferer, diminish, while the unfailing fountain of scriptural comfort, grows fuller and deeper: "When I remember *Thee* upon my bed, and meditate on *Thee* in the night watches. Because *Thou* hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of *Thy* wings will I rejoice."

C.

"The poems are remarkable, when considered as the productions of a country girl, who has lived in entire obscurity.

"She had time for reflection, Sir; fourteen years of sickness. And her father was a man of excellent education. Her grandfather was also a great reader, a very great reader of history. I have had a great many books of him. He was Captain Taggart a seafaring man. He often came to Newport when he sailed for my father. I was then a little girl at school, and the old gentleman, her grandfather, used to bring me books to read."

These are the words of an elderly lady, to whom I happened to show the proof-sheet, as I stopped at her house in Tiverton, Rhode Island. They are another testimony to the opinion entertained by the acquaintance of the family, of their fondness for books.

"This William that you are writing about was at our house twelve or thirteen years ago, and he then sat down and gave us a considerable history of his life, but I cannot recollect now what he told us. We were then building this house, and the history all went away from me, through the multitude of business." The good lady then left me to attend to some of her household affairs, and in a moment returning, said, "I believe Captain Taggart, the grandfather, was not a pious man, for he used to bring me novels and such books as he carried to sea with him to read. But when his son William was here, I thought he seemed to be a good man, though you know, Sir, we cannot judge of that; we can only look upon the outward appearance."

Rhode Island, July, 1835.

D.

NOTE TO PAGE 120.

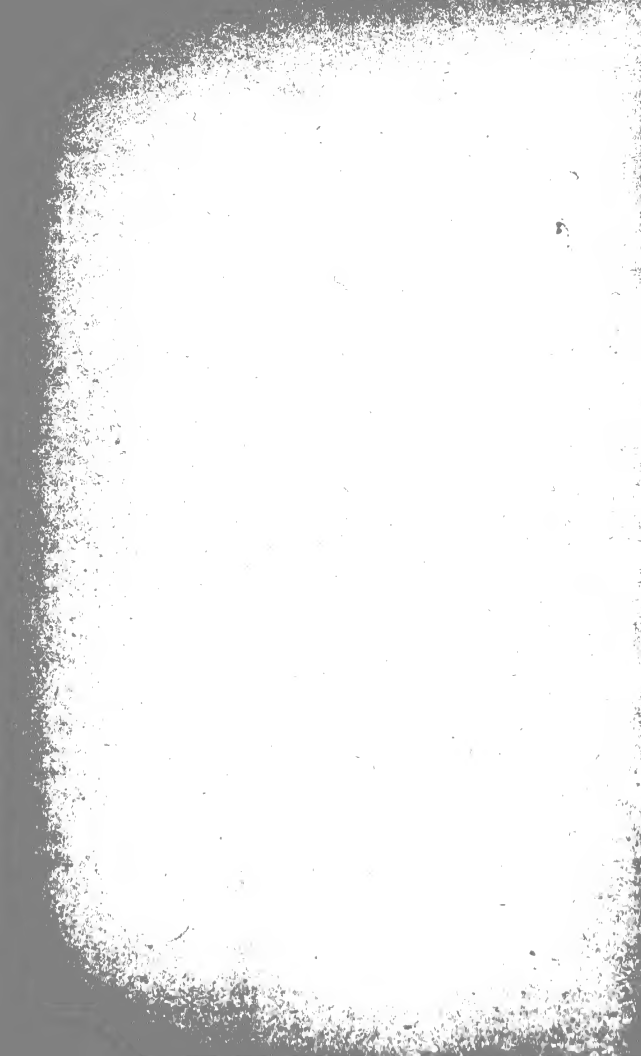
Passing the Dairyman's Cottage.

Many changes have here occurred in the forty-eight years since the Dairyman's Daughter died. The old trees in the front of the house are all gone, and their places supplied by some tall, clustering elms, that have grown from the ground since the celebrated Tract was written. Nothing remains but the old cottage the southern end of which has been rebuilt, and in front of which stands alone unchanged, except by the lapse of nearly half a century, the venerable box-tree, scarcely five feet high, though it was more than a century old in the time of Legh Richmond. This box-tree has numerous descendants now growing in America and elsewhere. The tradition of its old age has been handed down in the Wallbridge family.

The famous apple-tree, behind the cottage, is gone, and its place in the little quarter-of-an-acre garden, is only known by tradition, and by a young tree which has sprung up from the old roots at the distance of a few feet. The cottage is a pretty emblem of rustic peace, and is somewhat more snug and cozy, than the similar thatched houses in the neighbourhood. As you approach it from the church, which is one and three-fourths of a mile distant, you first see the single window of the chamber, in which Elizabeth died. There are only two chambers in the house; the door from Elizabeth's room, which is at the top of the stair-case, leading into the other, where I saw her plain little looking-glass, and the old pewter plates, from which the 'old time' people used to eat; but which are now put away among the family relics. Here was her ancient oaken chest, curiously carved, and the joint-stools of oak, upon which her coffin rested. I speak of the *penetralia* of the cottage, because few visitors are allowed to see them. I was also highly honored by the bringing forth of the old tea-set, which had been put away before the death of Elizabeth, but which, in the last century, the good Dairyman and his Daughter themselves had used. There was a friendly dispute, before my arrival, between Joseph W.

and his wife, as to this point, she insisting upon the unfitness of the old fashioned tea-pot, sugar-bowl, &c., for 'company,' and her husband declaring 'it was just the thing that would suit Mr. R.:' so he prevailed; and triumphed not a little on my approval of his choice. He punished his wife and daughters for their 'new fangled notions,' by making them use the *new* tea-set, confining the *old* to himself and me. And it was something of an event to drink from a tea-cup which was last used by the Dairyman or his Daughter; and so with the tall, queer-shaped glasses, out of which I tasted the very best mead, made from honey, which their own bees brought home to the garden of these hospitable people. The evening wore away in the most delightful and pleasant intercourse. Over the mantel-piece, the face of Legh Richmond, in a correct engraving, looked from his spectacles benevolently upon us; and the memoir of his life, by the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, and the 'Domestic Portraiture,' were shown to me severally by the daughters, as presents to them from the sister and family of Legh Richmond: and for the first time, by their request, their names were written in the books by my hand. The Bible of the Dairyman's Daughter, with the only specimen of her writing now remaining in the cottage, and left by her unfinished, ('elizabeth wallbridge her book giv,') was brought to me, with the request that I would write my name under hers. The bedstead, on which she died, was shown me; and some little presents were put into my pockets, as memorials of my visit. I was requested to state, in the 'Visitors' Book,' that I had officiated several Sundays in Arretton Church, in the pulpit from which Legh Richmond had often preached, and in the church where the Dairyman's Daughter prayed and listened. Mr Wallbridge said, 'you, too, preached extempore, and held your little Bible in the left hand; only Legh Richmond's little Bible had a clasp; I noticed that difference.'

THE END.



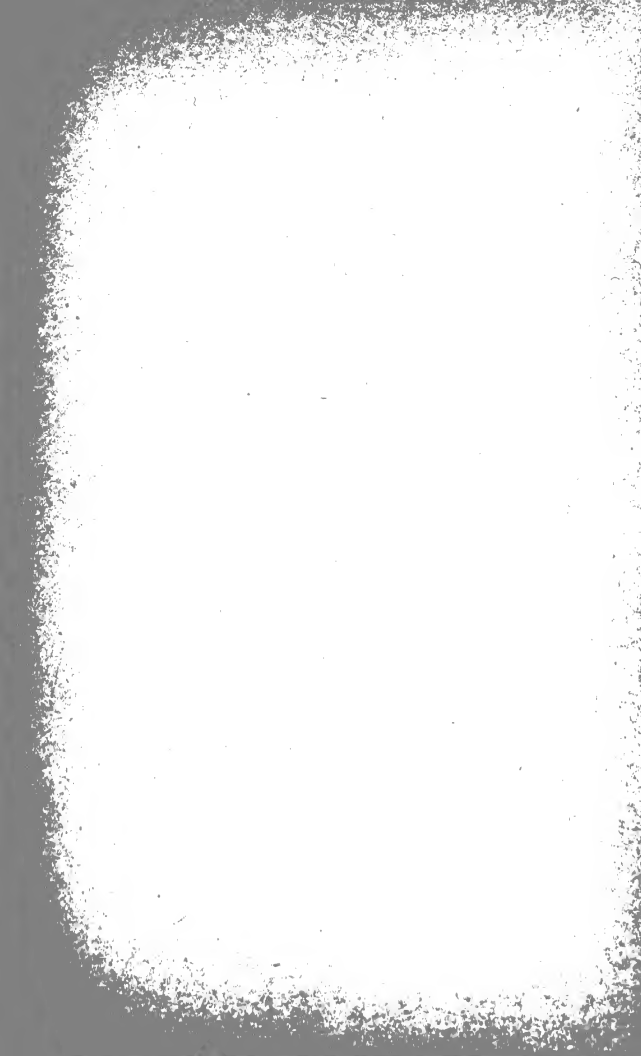




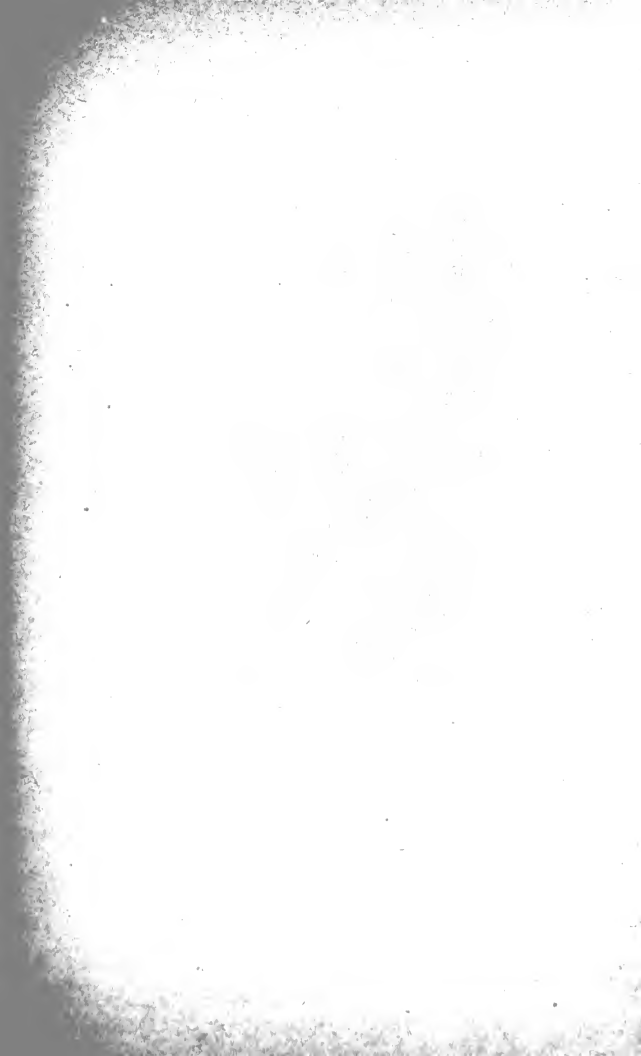


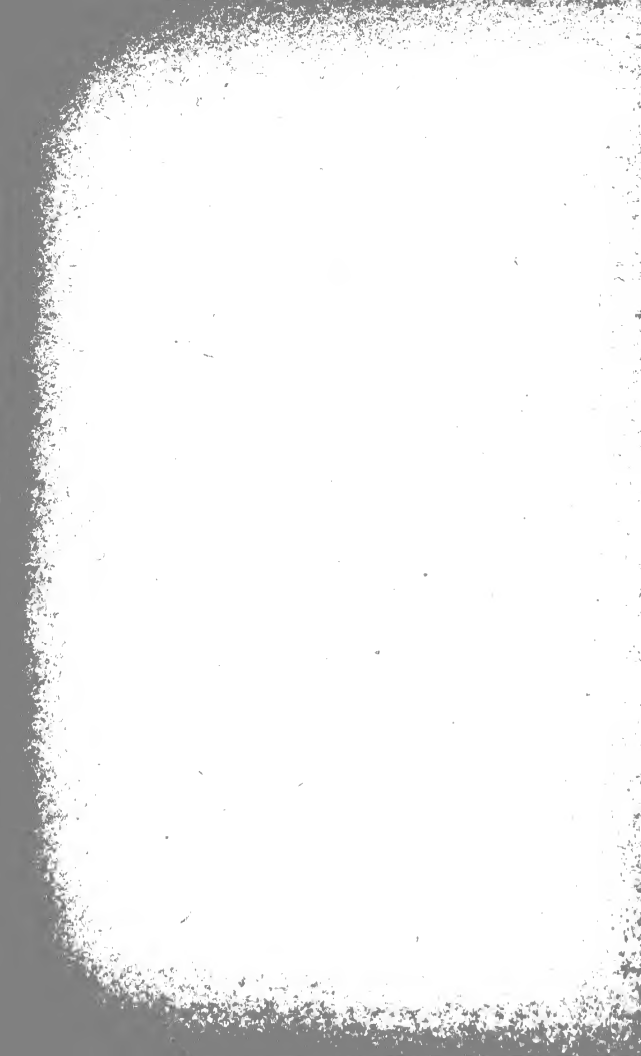




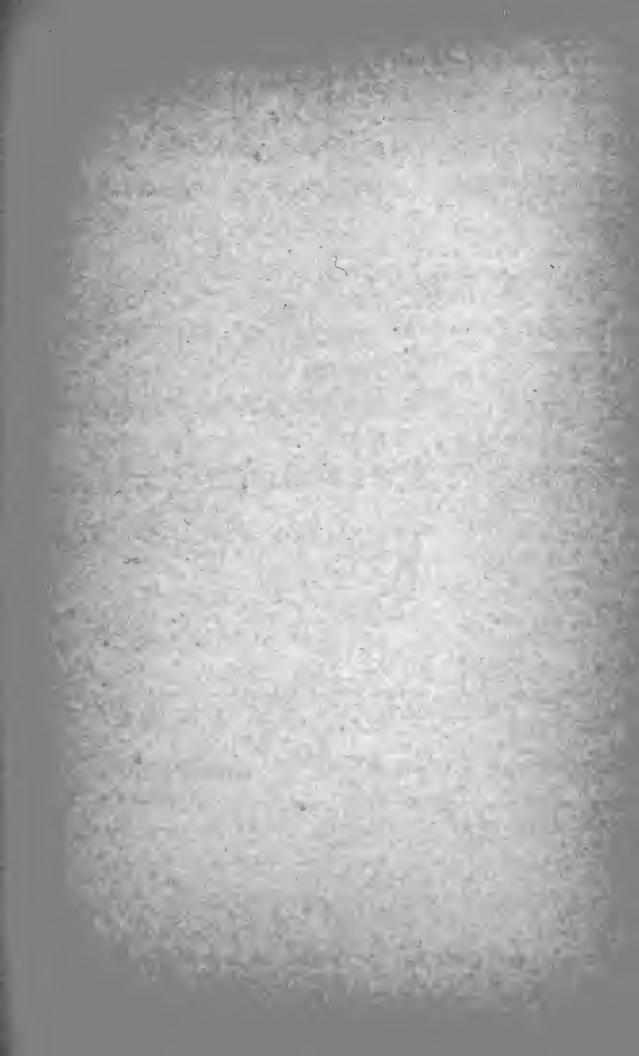




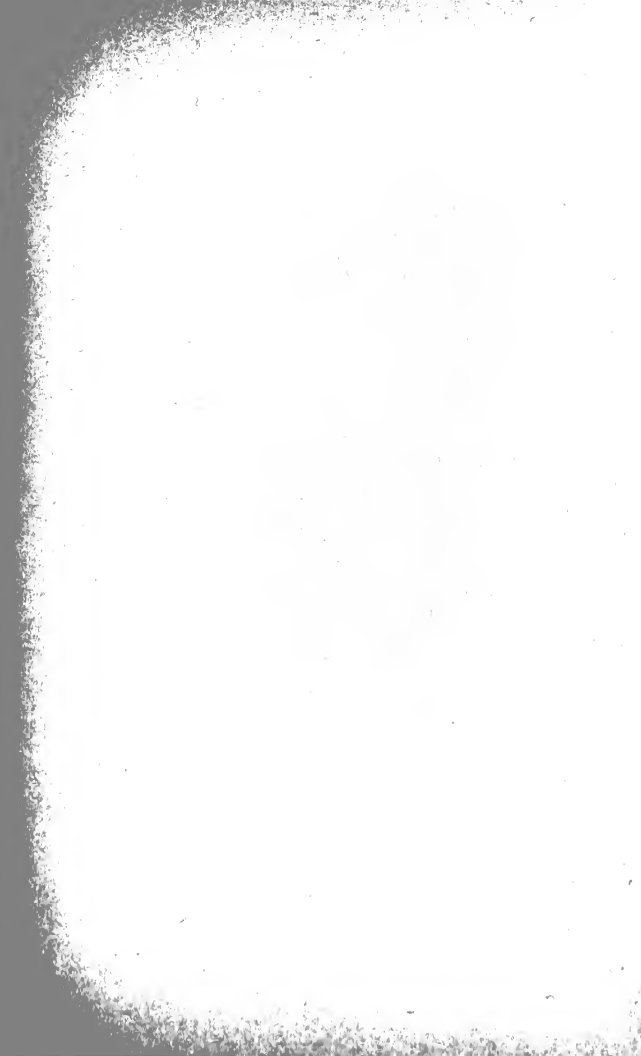






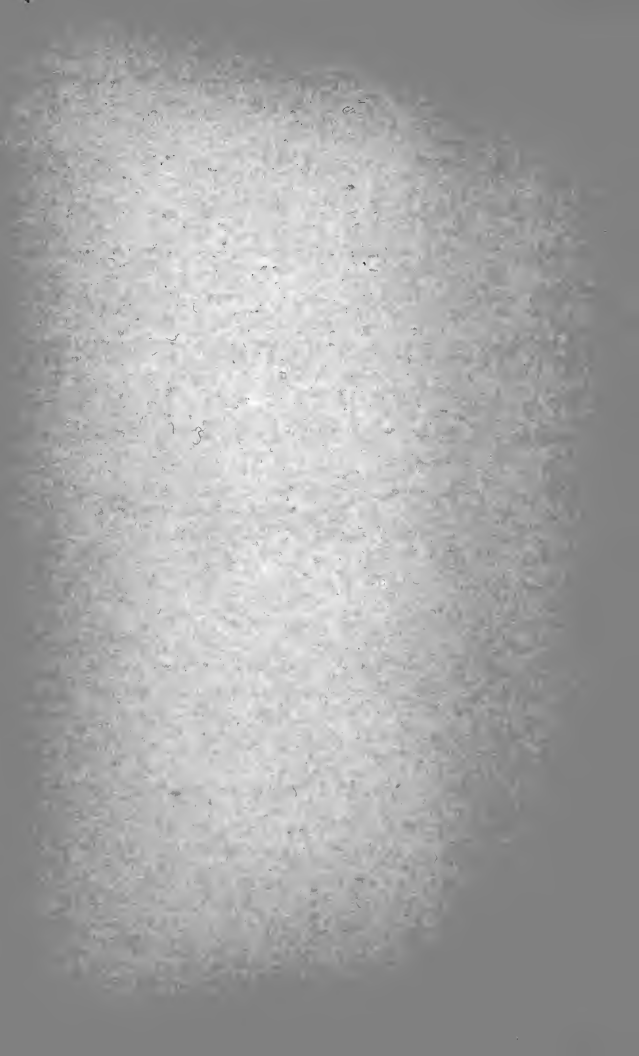














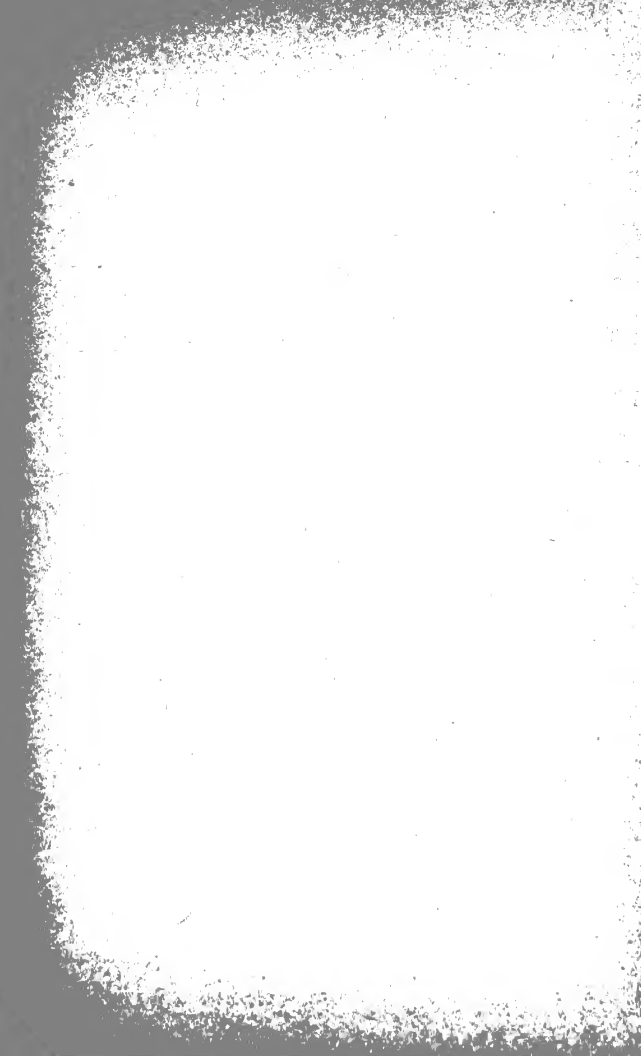


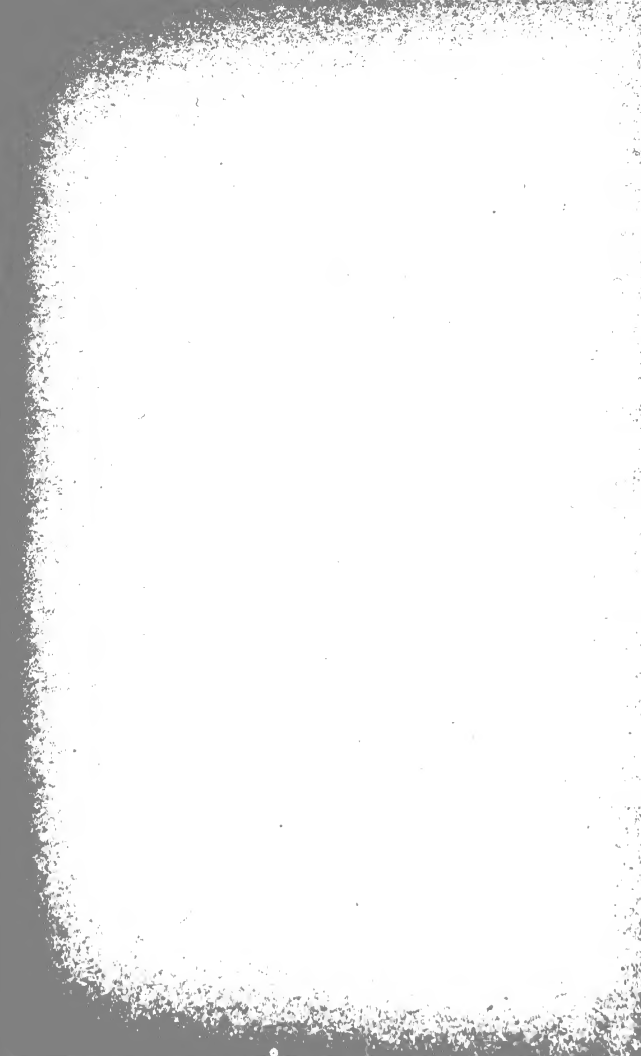








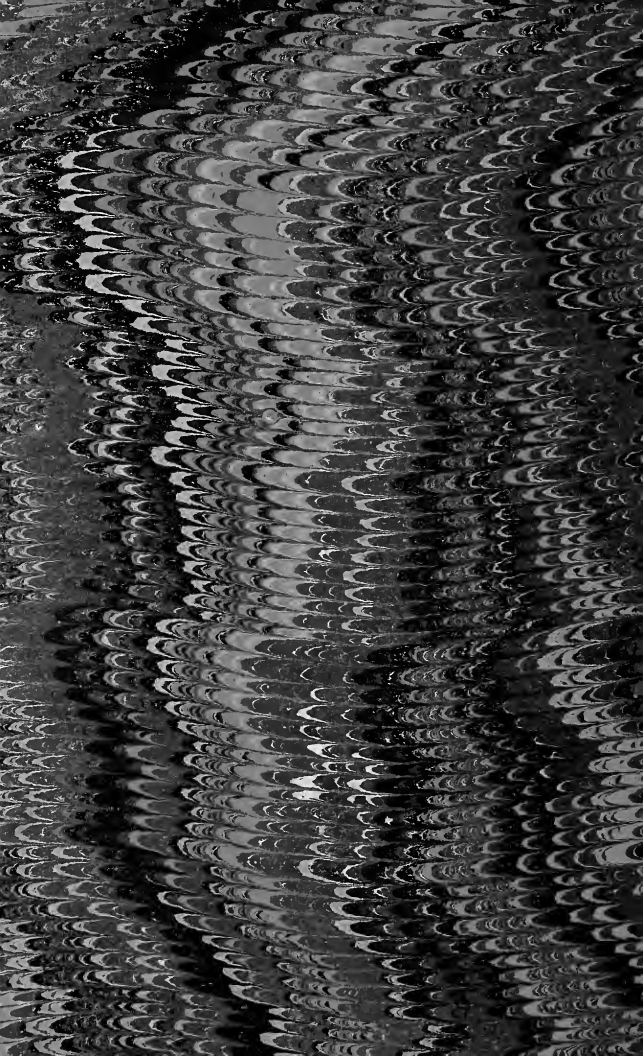


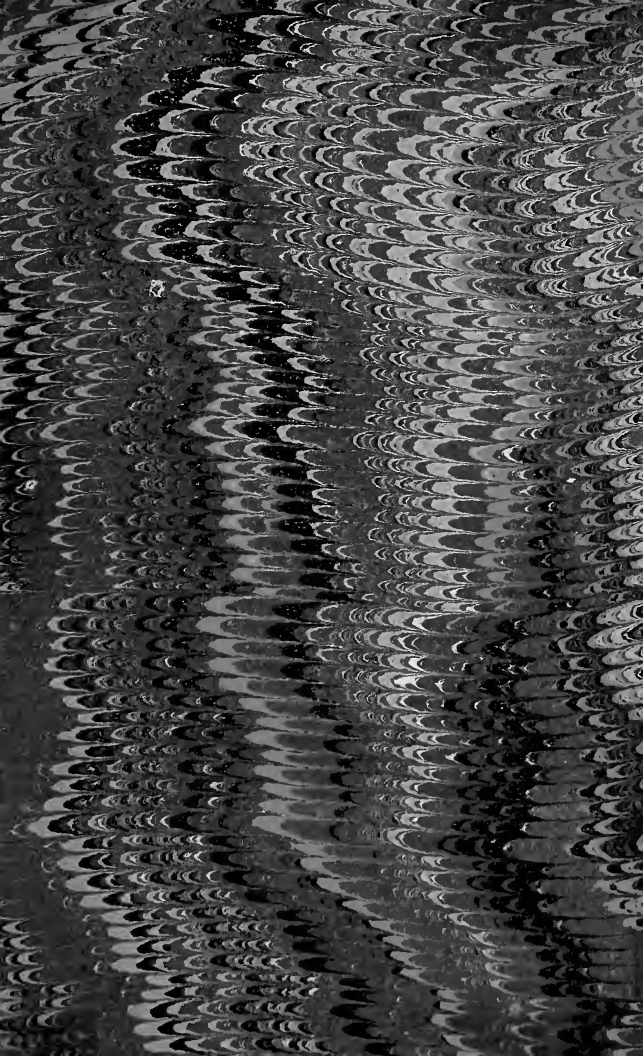












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